

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1822.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

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Stamped Edition, 4d.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE NEXT MEETING will be held at CAMBRIDGE, commencing on WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1862, under the Presidency of

The Rev. R. WILLIS, M.A. F.R.S.,
Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.
The Reception Room will be at the Town Hall.
Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford; or to Prof. Robinson, M.A. F.R.S., Prof. Living, M.A., and the Rev. N. M. Ferrers, M.A., Local Secretaries, Cambridge.

WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE, M.A. F.R.S.,
General Treasurer,
19, Chester-street, Belgrave-square, London.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Members and Associates attending the Meeting at Cambridge on October 1, and following days, may obtain RETURN TICKETS by the Great Eastern, Great Northern and London and North-Western Railways, at a Single Fare, from Sept. 30 to October 9, by application to

C. C. BARINGTON,
G. D. LIVING,
N. M. FERRERS, } Local Secretaries.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE EVENING CLASSES.—These Classes will OPEN on MONDAY, October 13, in Divinity, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Writing, Mathematics, and the various branches of the Physical Sciences, including Botany, Physics, Zoology, Practical Chemistry and Political Economy.

The Syllabus of Lectures, price 3d. by post, will be forwarded by application to J. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

EVENING CLASS FOR PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.—Professor BLOXAM will give a Course of TEN DEMONSTRATIONS on FRIDAY EVENINGS, from 7 to 9, beginning October 17. Fee, 2s. 2s. for the Course.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

EVENING CLASS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Professor ROGERS will give a Course of LECTURES on the ELEMENTS of NATIONAL WEALTH every FRIDAY, beginning October 17, at 6 P.M. Fee, 11s. 6d. for the Course.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

EVENING LECTURES ON THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Professor LEONE LEVI, LL.D., will deliver a Course of LECTURES on the COMMERCE and INDUSTRIES of the COUNTRIES represented at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION every MONDAY EVENING, beginning October 13, at 7 P.M. Fee, 11s. 6d. for the Course.

J. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

EVENING CLASSES ON COMMERCE AND COMMERCIAL LAW.—Professor LEONE LEVI, LL.D., will deliver a Course of LECTURES on BRITISH and FOREIGN MERCANTILE LAW, and on the LAW of LIFE and MARINE INSURANCE, every THURSDAY EVENING, beginning October 16, at 7 P.M. Fee for the Course, 11s. 6d.

J. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Professor TENNANT, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Lectures on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the Study of Geology, and of the Application of Mineral Substances in the Arts. The Lectures will begin on WEDNESDAY, October 23, at 8 o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Friday and Wednesday at the same hour. Fee, 2s. 2s.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

PROSPECTUSES of the several DEPARTMENTS of the COLLEGE may be had, on application, at the Office of the College, as follows:—

Faculty of Medicine—Session commencing October 1.
Faculty of Arts and Laws—Session commencing October 14.
Civil Engineering and Architecture—Session commencing October 14.

Courses of Subjects required of selected Candidates for the Civil Service of India—commencing October 15.
Practical and Analytical Chemistry—commencing October 1.
Evening Classes, commencing October 16.—Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, French, Geology, Practical Chemistry, Zoology.

Junior School—Session commencing September 23.
Special Comparative Prospectus of Courses of Instruction applicable to the Examinations for the Public, Civil, Military and Engineering Services.
September, 1862. CHARLES C. ATKINSON, Secretary.

THE CENTRAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF ART.

South Kensington, for Male and Female Students—and the Metropolitan School of Art, at 35, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, for Female Classes only.—Spitalfields, Crispin-street—Finsbury, William-street, Wilmington-square—St. Thomas, Charterhouse, Goswell-street—Rotherhithe, Grammar School, Deptford-road—St. Martin's, Little-street, London—Lambeth, St. Oswald's-place, Upper Kennington-lane—Hamstead, Dispensary Building—Christchurch, St. George's-in-the-East, Cannon-street—and St. Mark's, High-place, Vincent-square, Westminster.—WILL RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of October.

By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

THE WINTER SESSION 1862-63 will commence on WEDNESDAY, October 1, at Eight o'clock P.M., with an Introductory Address by Dr. STEVENS.—A Prospectus, containing full particulars, will be sent, and further information obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to

GEO. G. GASCOYEN, Dean of the School.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN-STREET, LONDON.

Director—Sir RODERICK I. MURCHISON, D.C.L. &c.
The Prospectus for the Session, commencing on the 6th of OCTOBER NEXT, will be sent on application to the Registrar. The Courses of Instruction embrace Chemistry, by Dr. Hoffman; Physics, by Prof. Tyndall; Natural History, by Prof. Huxley; Geology, by Prof. Ramsay; Mineralogy and Mining, by Mr. Warington Smyth; Metallurgy, by Dr. Percy; and Applied Mechanics, by Prof. Willis.
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

EXAMINATIONS FOR SCIENCE CERTIFICATE.

THE EXAMINATIONS OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION will take place at the Offices of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, on the days shown below.

The Examinations will last each day from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M., with one hour's intermission in the middle of the day, except on the days for Subject I. and Chemical Analysis.

Candidates for Certificates who have registered their names must attend at 10 minutes before 10 A.M., at the Offices, South Kensington, on the day or days which are indicated for the subjects they wish to be examined in.

GROUP.

I. Practical Plane and Descriptive Geometry, Mechanical and Machine Drawing, &c.—Subject 1. Monday, 3rd November; Tuesday, 4th November. Subject 2. Wednesday, 5th November. Subject 3. Thursday, 6th November.

II. Mechanical Physics.—Subject 1. Friday, 7th November. Subject 2. Saturday, 8th November.

III. Experimental Physics.—Subject 1. Monday, 17th November. Morning. Subject 2. Monday, 17th November, Afternoon.

IV. Chemistry.—Subject 1. Friday, 14th November, Morning (Analysis on Friday Afternoon, 14th November, and Saturday, 15th November). Subject 2. Friday, 14th November, Afternoon.

V. Geology and Mineralogy.—Subject 1. Monday, 10th November. Subject 2. Tuesday, 11th November.

VI. Physiology and Zoology.—Subject 1. Wednesday, 12th November. Subject 2. Thursday, 13th November.

VII. Botany and Vegetal Physiology.—Subject 1. Tuesday, 18th November. Subject 2. Wednesday, 19th November.

VIII. Mining and Metallurgy.—Subject 1. Thursday, 20th November. Subject 2. Friday, 21st November.

* As many Students as possible who take up only Inorganic Chemistry will do their Analysis on Friday Afternoon; the rest on Saturday. Analysis Tables are allowed.

N.B. Candidates must send in their names before the 15th October, except those coming up in Mechanical and Machine Drawing and Building Construction, who must send in their names by the 6th October.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ALBEMARLE-STREET, LONDON, W. September, 1862.

LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS.

Christmas Lectures, 1862.

Prof. FRANKLAND, F.R.S.—Six Lectures, 'On Air and Water.' (Adapted to a Jubilee Auditorium)—Dec. 27, 30, 1862; and Jan. 1, 3, 6, 8, 1863.

Before Easter, 1863.

Prof. MARSHALL, F.R.S.—Twelve Lectures, 'On Physiology.' On Tuesdays; commencing Jan. 20.

Prof. FRANKLAND, F.R.S.—Ten Lectures, 'On Chemistry.' On Thursdays; commencing Jan. 20.

W. SAVORY, Esq. F.R.S.—Four Lectures, 'On Life and Death.' On Saturdays; Jan. 24, 31, Feb. 7, 14.

Prof. MAX MÜLLER—Twelve Lectures. On Saturdays; commencing Feb. 21.

After Easter.

Prof. TYNDALL, F.R.S.—Seven Lectures. On Tuesdays; commencing April 28.

D. T. ANSTED, Esq. F.R.S.—Nine Lectures, 'On Geology.' On Thursdays; commencing April 16.

Prof. WILLIAM THOMSON, F.R.S.—Three Lectures, 'On Electric Telegraphy.' On Saturdays; commencing May 30.

The admission to all these Courses of Lectures is Two Guineas. To a Single Course of Lectures, One Guinea or Half-a-Guinea, according to the length of the Course.

New Members can be proposed at any monthly meeting. When proposed, they are admitted to all the Lectures, to the Friday Evening Meetings, and to the Library and Reading Rooms; and their Families are admitted to the Lectures at a reduced charge.

H. BENICE JONES, Hon. Sec.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

SESSION 1862-63.

MATRICULATION AND SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS.

ON TUESDAY, the 21st of OCTOBER next, at Ten o'clock A.M., an EXAMINATION will be held for the MATRICULATION of STUDENTS in the FACULTY of ARTS, MEDICINE, and LAW, and in the DEPARTMENTS of CIVIL ENGINEERING and AGRICULTURE.

The Examinations for Scholarships will commence on MONDAY, the 27th of October. The Council have the power of conferring at these Examinations, TEN SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of 40l. each, viz.—Seven in the Faculty of Arts, Two in the Faculty of Medicine, and One in the Faculty of Law; and FORTY-FIVE JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, viz.—Fifteen in Literature, and Fifteen in Science, of the value of 20l. each; and Four in Agriculture, of the value of 15l. each.

Prospectuses, containing full information as to the subjects of the Examinations, &c., may be had on application to the Registrar.

By order of the President.
ROBERT J. KENNY, Registrar.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, VEGETABLE, ROOT, CEREAL, and GOURD SHOW.

at the ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDEN, South Kensington, OCTOBER 8, 9 and 10. The Roots, Cereals, and Gourds will remain on Exhibition until the 18th.

Admission October 8, Half-a-Crown; on October 9, 10, 11, 12 to 18, One Shilling each day.

RAY SOCIETY.—THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE MEETING of the RAY SOCIETY will be held at CAMBRIDGE, on FRIDAY NEXT, October 3, 1862.

H. T. STANTON, Secretary.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SPORTING AND OTHER DOGS.

THE THIRD GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Sporting and other Dogs will be held at BIRMINGHAM, on MONDAY, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th of December.

Copies of the Prize Lists, Regulations and Certificates of Entry, with the Statement of Receipts and Expenditure and List of Subscribers for 1861, may be had on application to the Secretary.

The Entries close on the 1st of November.

F. BRAILSFORD, Secretary.
Offices—Castle Chambers, High-street, Birmingham.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SCHOOL OF PHARMACY.
THE TWENTY-SECOND SESSION will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1862.

LECTURES.—On Chemistry and Pharmacy, by Professor Redwood. On Botany and Materia Medica, by Professor Bentley.

LABORATORY COURSE of Practical Instruction in General and Pharmaceutical Chemistry. Director and Demonstrator: Mr. John Attfield, F.R.S., late of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Laboratory. Assistant-Demonstrator: Mr. E. C. Stanford.

TWO SCHOLARSHIPS the Jacob Bell Memorial Scholarships, of Thirty Pounds a year each, are annually awarded; and the Council will grant, in addition, Free Instruction in the Laboratory during this Session.

A new Syllabus of the Course of Instruction, prepared by the Council, and particulars of Terms, may be obtained from the Secretary, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C.

POLYTECHNIC.—ROME.—Exhibition of Macpherson's 400 unique and splendid Photographs of the Architecture, Sculptures and Art-Works of the ETERNAL CITY.

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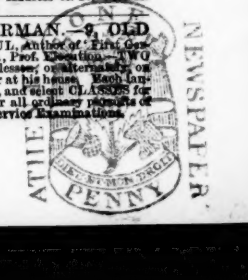
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BOND-STREET.—Dr. ALTSCHUL, Author of 'First German Reading-Book,' &c., M. Phil. Soc., Prof. Education.—TWO LANGUAGES TAUGHT in the same lessons; on terms as the same Terms as One, at the pupils' or at high school rates. In his private lessons, and in his classes, he teaches French for Ladies and Gentlemen. Preparation for all ordinary examinations of life, the Universities, Army and Civil Service Examinations.



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OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER,
(in connection with the University of London).

SESSION 1862-3.
The COLLEGE will OPEN for the SESSION on FRIDAY, the 10th October. The Session will terminate in July, 1863.

Principal—J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.
COURSES OF INSTRUCTION will be given in the following departments, viz.:—Classics; Comparative Grammar, English Language and Literature, Logic, and Mental and Moral Philosophy; Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry; Natural History for this Session, Anatomy and Physiology of Man, and of the Animal Kingdom; History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy; Oriental Languages, French, and German.

EVENING CLASSES, for persons not attending the day classes, will commence on the 13th October, 1862, and terminate on the 1st May, 1863.

Particulars of the Day and Evening Classes for the present session will be found in Prospectuses, which may be obtained from Mr. Nicholson, the Registrar at the College, Quay-street, Manchester. More detailed information as to the foundation of the College, the Courses of Study, the Scholarships, and Prizes offered for competition, and other matters in connection with the College, is contained in the 'Calendar,' which may be had, price Half-a-crown, at the College, or from Messrs. Sowter & Sons, Booksellers, 25, Abchurch-lane, where a Syllabus of the Evening Classes, &c., may also be had, price 3d.

Dinner will be provided within the College walls for such as may desire it.

The Principal will attend at the College, for the purpose of admitting Students, on Tuesday the 7th, and Wednesday the 8th October, from Eleven A.M. to Two P.M.

J. G. GREENWOOD, Principal.
JOHN P. ASTON, Secretary to the Trustees.

TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.—ALFRED

W. RENNETT, Publisher and Bookseller, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without, LONDON, E.C., is prepared to SUPPLY EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS in London and the country on the most advantageous terms. Orders by post or otherwise promptly attended to.

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Contents.

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- III. FERNS.
- IV. ICELAND.
- V. JURISPRUDENCE.
- VI. EDWARD IRVING.
- VII. THE BIBLE out of the PULPIT.
- VIII. TROLLOPE'S NORTH AMERICA.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.
London: Henry James Treasider, 17, Ave Maria-lane, St. Paul's.

NATIONAL REVIEW. No. XXX.

On September 30 will be published, price 6s., the
Contents.

- I. DUPLEIX.
- II. A CATHOLIC VIEW OF THE ROMAN QUESTION.
- III. HERODOTUS and his COMMENTATORS.
- IV. MR. CLOUGH'S POEMS.
- V. NAPOLEONISM.
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London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly.
Will be published on the 30th inst.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

NEW SERIES.
No. XLIV. OCTOBER, 1862.

- I. ESSAYS AND REVIEWS: DR. LUSHINGTON'S JUDGMENT.
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London: Trübner & Co. 60, Paternoster-row.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE,

No. XXXVI. for OCTOBER, 1862,
Published This Day, SATURDAY, September 27.
Price One Shilling.

- I. THE WATER-BABIES: A FAIRY TALE for a LAND-BABY. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Author of 'Westward Ho!' &c. Chap. 3.
- II. COTTON-WEAVING and LANCASHIRE LOOMS.
- III. HUMAN VEGETATION. By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, F.R.S.E., Author of 'Footnotes from the Page of Nature.'
- IV. VINCEZO, or SUNKEN ROCKS. By JOHN RUFFINI, Author of 'Lorenzo Benoni,' 'Doctor Antonio,' &c.
Chap. 12.—A New Start.
Chap. 13.—An Eventful Day.
Chap. 14.—Dangers of Excitement.
- V. "IRON SHIPS."
- VI. THE ROYAL LIBRARY at WINDSOR CASTLE. By F. F. S. H.
- VII. THE SONG OF ROLAND.
- VIII. THE FISHER FOLK of the SCOTTISH EAST COAST.
- IX. TO VIRGIL.
- X. THE PRESIDENCY of the UNITED STATES. By JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER.

** VOL. VI. will be published on OCTOBER 1st, handsomely bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO. Cambridge;
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THE POPULAR SCIENCE REVIEW,

No. V. (OCTOBER 1st, 1862), price 8s. 6d., edited by JAMES SAMUELSON, will contain, besides other instructive and interesting matter, the following Original Articles:—

- THE BRITISH OAK. With Two Page Illustrations. By Prof. JAMES BUCKMAN, F.L.S. F.G.S. &c.
- TURBIFER RIVULIFORM, the Red Worm of our Rivers. With a Coloured Plate. By EDWIN RAY LANKESTER.
- ANÆSTHETICS. By Dr. T. L. PHIPSON, M.B. F.R.S. &c.
- BARMOUTH, and its SCIENTIFIC ATTRACTIONS. With a Tinted Illustration. By the EDITOR.
- THE ELECTROPLATING PROCESS. (Concluding Part.) With an Illustration. By GEORGE GORE.

NOTES of the EXHIBITION:—
No. 2.—THE MINERALOGICAL DEPARTMENT. By Prof. D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S.

No. 3.—THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT. By WM. CROOKES, F.R.S., Editor of the *Chemical News*.

No. 4.—THE PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS. By JAMES GREEN, F.R.S.

MISCELLANEA.—The Albert Memorial. Our Science Schools and Classes. Provincial Institutions and Societies. Naturalists' Field-Clubs.

REVIEWS.—And
A Complete Quarterly Summary of every Branch of Science, With a Page Plate (the Comet of 1862).

London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW,
No. LXXII., price 6s., for OCTOBER.

Contents.

1. Muir's Life of Mahomet.
2. Mendelssohn's Letters.
3. Arnold and his Sacred Poetry.
4. Gibraltar and Spain.
5. French Protestantism.
6. Medieval Preaching.
7. Illusions and Hallucinations.
8. The Church of England in 1862.—What Next?
9. Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.
Edited by W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

LITERATURE

Thirty-second Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Cambridge, Oct. 1, 1862. (Private Circular.)

Cambridge will next week be crowded with inquirers—with philosophers and professors—with idlers and ladies; so that we need not solicit a hearing for some general gossip on what the students who bring something of their own to that place will find to interest and amuse them, either as sights or as memories, on the banks of the Cam.

With a difference, the town will be very like what it was in the olden time, when the place swarmed with students and monks—when between four and five thousand scholars taxed the resources of instructors, and a score of hostels held hundreds of philosophical and religious men, who did not, indeed, associate for the sake of science, but who were, nevertheless, busily employed in the composition of legends and cognate matter acceptable to the mental appetite of the period. The assembly next week will enrich the town and the neighbouring villages. In remoter times the reverse was the case, and twenty-three villages groaned under heavy impositions merely to support in comfort the one monastery of St. Giles.

The road to Cambridge, or rather the shire which surrounds it, is not now, as it was in William the Third's time, a vast and desolate fen, saturated with all the moisture of thirteen counties, and overhung, during a great part of the year, as an historian has described it, "by a low grey mist, high above which rose, visible many miles, the magnificent tower of Ely." The roads are said to have been at that time the worst in the island; and in that dreary region, covered by vast flights of wild fowl, a "half-savage population, known by the name of the Breedlings, there led an amphibious life, sometimes wading, and sometimes rowing, from one islet of firm ground to another." These were the "Cambridgeshire Camels," who went about on stilts, like the peasants of the Landes, but for different reasons. The philosophers who used to solemnly traverse the distance between London and Cambridge on horseback, or they who painfully coached it—a summer day's journey,—went their way invested with the dignity of their vocation; but the dignity of a philosopher whirled along at the rate of a mile a minute is, for the time, annihilated. He can neither observe nor be observed; and yet in the county itself there is much that is worthy of observation.

We would recommend those who have leisure to make such observation, to look well at the land as they wend or tarry: there is as much instruction in it as in any of the libraries. The mind's eye has often seen "old John of Gaunt" in silken suit at lady's knee and on his own, or in panoply of war, or mantled and coroneted as a princely peer; but this Cambridgeshire land once saw "time-honoured Lancaster" in another suit—the good, warm attire of an honest country gentleman superintending the draining of his estate. John, indeed, was a great drainer, and helped to reclaim the lands which by injudicious management had been converted into fens. The pursuit was profitable for himself and others, and his name deserves to be remembered with that of Pallavicino, who rose up on Peter's pence, and spent the money in land and irrigation.

In Cambridgeshire, however, water has as

often been let in upon the land as drawn from it. To raise the latter the muddy water of the Ouse has been thus let in upon it, with a result of elevating the soil two feet. The water, short of its deposit, was then thrown back by a mill. Irrigation of this sort was always considered beneficial; a breach of bank, after the mischief was repaired, enriched the land more than "soaking" did, because in the latter case the water came filtered. This draining and banking and inclosing will not, of course, account altogether for the great increase in the value of land hereabouts; but the system has much to do with it. In Henry the Eighth's time, the value of the rectory of Doddington was 22*l*. Gooch's 'Survey' sets it down in his time at 2,000*l*., which, at the full tithe of what the land let for, would have been, according to the same authority, 4,800*l*. Much has been thought of the land growing turf here having been sold at fourscore pounds per acre. What the profit was to the purchaser we do not know; but we believe that it was not a tithe of that realized in the old brick-fields round London. Middleton mentions fields which, after producing 4,000*l* profit, became good grass-land by aid of town manure.

The deer which, in the olden time, as elsewhere at the present period, were addicted, at certain seasons, to dig up the land with their fore-feet, in holes to the depth of a foot, or even of half-a-yard, contributed a new word to our language. These were called "scrapes." For a wayfarer to tumble into one of these was sometimes done at the cost of a broken leg; and, ultimately, any Cambridge man who found himself in an unpleasant position, from which extrication was difficult, was said to have "got into a scrape."

The uplands consist chiefly of chalk hills, these being a portion of the great chalk formation which traverses the island from Dorsetshire to the Yorkshire coast. The *savants* will find profitable subject of discussion in the organic remains characteristic of the chalk and clunch beds of the county of Cambridge. The *savants* of some future century will, perhaps, occupy, if not perplex, themselves, should they ever come upon the remains of the *Prodigium Willinghamense*, with which England was busying itself one hundred and fifteen years ago. If Cambridgeshire were unable to boast of great men, it might be proud of its big boy—the big boy of Willingham. At the age of five years and ten months, in the year 1747, and the month of September, died young Tom Hall, more feet high than he was years old. Time could not sustain such a lusty youth, but handed him over to Death. Of all precocious lads, Willingham Tom was the most forward. When two years and some months of age, he fairly frightened the Royal Society itself—a body very much accustomed to deal with marvels. The baby was then nearly four feet high, and could throw, with ease, from his hand a blacksmith's hammer of seventeen pounds weight. Was not this a youth to startle his governess, to say nothing of his mother and sisters? Paterfamilias must have looked with as much alarm as affection on the son who, at five, wore a moustache on his lip, spoke in a bass voice that made his hearers shake again, and trod with the resounding step of a full-grown Polyphemus. Fancy such a juvenile hopeful seeking admission to a young ladies' school; how he would have fluttered the dove-coat! To what uses might he not have been turned in taming the bullies in the Lower School at Eton! Had he lived and grown at his usual rate, a foot a year, what a desirable match he would have been at four-and-twenty!

But the world could not bear with patience the baby Titan, whose foot at five years old was eight inches long, whose calf you could barely garter with a band of eleven inches, and who weighed fourscore and five pounds! And so, happily for himself and society, the boy died—*non flebilis occidit*; and the county philosophers of the day wrote treatises on him—speculated on his peculiarities—accounted, or thought they did, for his growth—and showered epitaphs upon him in poor English and more indifferent Latin. As a youth of the greatest weight in the county, the Willingham prodigy should not be altogether forgotten in the section of Physiology. They will find in him a true descendant of those stout men of these parts who alone stood their ground against the Danes when the rest of the East Angles fled, and kept the Norman out of Ely when all besides was his own. The philosophers will find that the Willingham prodigy was the last of that race of Cambridgeshire men who could carry eight bushels of barley on their backs, when half that quantity was a load for the men of other counties.

The spirit of the locality of the great assembly of next week is one to deepen and strengthen the modesty of the most modest and yet greatest of sages. Cambridge is a place of much learning, and not merely in the sense of that wag of Merton, who described his own college in the same words, because "every fellow brought some learning to it and took none away." The ablest master will find here the name and the memory of a greater than he. The profoundest philosopher will meet with the effigy of him who laid the foundations of his philosophy, wanting which his own superstructure would not have been raised. Healer, if in conceit of thy power, unbosomest here to the great physicians who were before thee. Minstrel, however skilled in sweeping the lyre, the glorious shades of the most tuneful of all poets will encounter you here. Divine, not unworthily honoured, render homage here to the Titans of Divinity. Lawyers and legislators, the great fathers of whom you are the clever sons, have names inscribed here, in whose presence it behoves you to be humble-minded. The measure of the glory of Cambridge is full and overflowing. In the names of Bacon, Milton and Newton we may resume the history of English intellect. Even the never-do-wells of the University—of some of whom it might be said, as Antonelli says to Lodovico,—

All the damnable degrees
Of drinking have you staggered through—

had, at least, wit enough to write some of our raciest plays.

Divines, physicians and poets cluster about Caius. What contrasts, too, among the first—Jeremy Taylor and Titus Oates!—the former, born in, the very pride of, Cambridge, brought up in its free school, entering thence as a sizar at Caius, with his good father the churchwarden looking proudly on, having done his best to make his boy worthy of that to which he attained—a bishopric. Titus was a sizar, like Jeremy; but that Rutlandshire (not Sussex) lad was a liar from the beginning—a fellow who stooped to rob his own tailor and to deny his own rascality,—who went to Salamanca for a degree, and ended with pillory and whip, a sore back, a crushed body, an unailing appetite, and unquenchable impudence in prison. Shadwell, who smiles on us, too, from Caius and Gonville, is of quite another quality, despite all Dryden's satire. Honest Tom was a respecter of truth; he honoured it in others and practised it himself. If he be not so well remembered

now as many of his contemporaries, the reason may be partly found in the oracular judgment of Rochester—that if Shadwell had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have shown more wit and humour than any other poet. But the most practically great of all the sons of Caius was William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. His native town never produced a second worthy; but how could a peer to him be expected from Folkestone!—a place so tortuous and confused that it is said to have been built one Saturday night in the dark, and around which the simple folk once raised their nets to keep out the small-pox! As we turn from Caius, we bow to the shades of Taylor, of Harvey, and other noble students—only wishing that they could elbow from the group that superlative scoundrel, Titus, whose very ghost seems all brazen and unabashed!

But, if visitors or philosophers are in search of contrasts, let them look at the two shadows of old students, the one sedately walking, the other jauntily flirting about the vicinity of Trinity Hall. The former is solemn Tusser, who wrote the 'Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,' and died a bankrupt gentleman-farmer who was unable to apply them; the other is Mr. Stanhope, better known as the Lord Chesterfield, a finer gentleman than Titus Oates, but as little scrupulous as he in violations of truth. Do you not mind how he went up to Whitfield, and said, "Sir, I will say to you what I will not say to other people, *how I admire you!*" Well, Whitfield, if he sneered at Stanhope, might himself smile greeting at the clusters of good men and true, rustling in their gowns, as the sun shows them dimly about Corpus Christi. They are all clerics. There is worthy John Copcot, so lean by study and fasting, that a Dutch philosopher, one Drusius, once exhausted himself by making a joke of it, and addressed a letter, "*Manibus Johannis Copcot.*" One as lean as Copcot is at his side, Dr. Stephen Hales, the vegetarian, who advocated total abstinence from strong drinks, before Father Mathew was born, and who taught George the Third his conjugations. Herring of Bangor is near them, smiling satisfiedly as he looks over his sermon against 'The Beggars' Opera.' But these, and Tennyson himself, with others of like quality and vocation, fade into very weak shadows indeed, when Matthew Parker appears, "mine own good master Parcare" of Latimer's letters. What beauty and dignity about that great primate, to know whose history is to know the ecclesiastical and literary history of his period! What a subject for a painter, that of Queen Anne Boleyn recommending to him, then her young chaplain, her little daughter Elizabeth! How well that daughter rewarded him for his faithful observance of her mother's recommendation! The greatest contrast here to Parker whom we can call to mind is that jolly, noisy, frolicsome prelate and Earl, Hervey, Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol, as good-natured a graduate as Corpus ever sent forth into the world, which he enjoyed himself, and so liked others to enjoy, that his spirit probably did not object, when his body was brought home from the Mediterranean in a puncheon of rum, to the nightly practice of the sailors of "tapping the bishop." There is a story connected with the episcopal Earl of Bristol and his contemporary, Dr. Balmguy, which concerns Cambridge teaching. It is well known that Bishop Hoadley, another distinguished Cambridge man, recognized the supremacy of the State in Church affairs. Dr. John Milner subsequently declared that by such a course, "both living and dying he undermined the Church of which he was a

prelate." Dr. Balmguy was accustomed to defend the so-called Erastianism of Hoadley, and on one of these occasions, says Milner, "having to discuss this subject with him, in the presence of Lord Hervey, Bishop of Derry, and others, I asked him whether if he had accepted the bishopric (which he had refused) and the King had sent to him a *known, professing and unbaptized Jew*, to be consecrated a Bishop of the Church of England, he would consecrate him or not? His answer was, Yes, I would. This story is told in Dr. Husbeth's Life of the Roman Catholic, Milner. But Cambridge need not be disturbed by it: Milner must have been deceived, or the Cambridge man, in sport, gave to the absurd query touching an impossible case, a startling reply, the humour of which was lost on the querist. To take the reply as serious is a fair specimen of the *sancta simplicitas* of Milner, to whom the very name of Hoadley was an abomination.

But pass we on to King's, where the echoes ought to be musical still, for there, among other worthies, studied and sang Phineas Fletcher and Waller, who was not so desperately in love with Sacharissa as he pretended to be, nor pretended so ardently as the world, who do not read him, gives him credit for. But who are those two remarkable personages whom your mind's eye sees standing together, and your mind's ear detects holding colloquies upon politics? Walsingham and Walpole! Sir Francis and Sir Robert? Nay, if you lack contrasts, may you not find the strongest here? So it would seem; but think the matter over well, and you will find the seeming contrast shaping itself into the form of something like a parallel. The *men* were unlike; but the *ministers* have much in common. Both used spies and agents, were too wary to be abused by them, and had patience enough to let a plot be played just so far as to enable them to lay hold of the greatest number of plotters. At the end of their power and their lives, Walsingham did not leave wherewith to bury him, and Walpole bequeathed to his heir 40,000*l.* worth of debts. Turning hence to the shadows about Queen's, we recognize among them more divines and lawyers than politicians. There is quaint, epigrammatic Fuller, of the 'Worthies,' and honest Sir John King, that marvellous lawyer, who actually returned to his clients the fees they had given him, when he was unable to render them equivalent service. Probably there will be few visitors at Cambridge who will remember the name of one of the ablest of the students of Queen's, Wasse, rector of Aynhoe; and yet it was of him that modest Bentley said, "When I am dead, Wasse will be the most learned man in England." Queen's, too, has its great subject of contrast in the persons of Sherlock and Hoadley. How capitally is the life-long character of each illustrated in that little incident of Hoadley coming away from an examination in Tully, with a sparkling compliment from his tutor! "Ben," said Sherlock, in his little jealous way, "you made good use of L'Estrange's translation to-day."—"No, Tom," replied Ben, with that electric readiness which always rendered an attack upon him a matter of peril; "No, Tom; I forgot to send the bed-maker to borrow yours, which is the only copy in college!"

Then, is not this a singular company to be culled from the greater assembly of men who have made Jesus College famous? There is Flamsteed rapt in unveiling the splendid mysteries of the stars, and tickled at the simplicity of the laundress who takes him for a conjuror and offers him half-a-crown. How marked the contrast between the great astronomer, whose mind was lifted to the empyrean, and

Ockley, who was more sensual than any of the Saracens whose manners he described! Flamsteed snatched purity from the divine subjects of his study; Ockley, of the earth earthy, died of an easy chair and two bottles of port a day. One other contrast we have here in Jortin and Sterne: the former, of Huguenot blood, the good vicar who wrote such useful but dry-as-dust books; the latter, the parson whose charming and rascally stories equally delight us, the man of noble sentiments who was not above beating his wife! Christ's College cannot exhibit two men of its society more widely apart in their characteristics than these, even though one of them be Francis Quarles, who seems made up of heaven, honesty and harmonious measures, and the other broad-spoken Paley, with his logical mind and his coarse accent,—the latter expressing the conclusion, arrived at by the former, that no government could sustain itself without a little "*corruption.*"

Paley had something of the roughness but more than the reverence of Boys, of Clare. When the latter was Dean of Canterbury, and about to preach at Paul's Cross, he parodied the Lord's Prayer in a spirit that would have made Sterne blush and the "Clare greyhounds," generally, to drop their tails in shame. It commenced with "Our Pope, which art in Rome, cursed be thy name;" asked him to "remit our monies which we have given for thy indulgences, as we send them back unto thee," and concluded with, "For thine is the infernal pitch and sulphur," &c., *Amen!* Boys was a man who well illustrated the latter half of the old proverb, which says, that "A Boston horse and a Cambridge Master of Arts are a couple of creatures that will give way to no man." Indeed, there was a good deal of stiffness about Cambridge "Heads," generally. Among the clerics, not one obeyed the behest of King Charles, to leave off periwigs, tobacco, and reading their sermons.

There are other names upon which one comes with a sort of reverence, yet which are not too reverend not to be touched. When Dr. Warner poked his cane through the broken coffin, and turned upwards the red beard of good Dr. Caius, he instantly smoothed it straight again, and went away full of respectful reflections on the gentleman whose quiet he had invaded. So, when, passing Clare, we see the shadow of the immortal Ridley, it is enough if we lovingly touch the hem of his garment, and bowing, leave to him his right of way. One would be divided between Edmund Spenser and Ridley, whose old church at Herne is still sanctified by his once presence there, were it not for another student of mark, but of quite an opposite quality. Both divines, both martyrs: the one, Ridley, grave, yet cheerful in his gravity, walking in the light of Heaven and a good conscience, pure of life, forgetful only of self, sacrificing all for the sake of truth, and consecrated to Heaven by a baptism of fire: the other is a more modern personage, a saucy-looking gentleman, a divine by imposition of sadly-mistaken hands, a scamp by virtue of his own doings and sayings, a Christian gentleman who considered the "heart of a man" as Macheath does when he sings that luxurious bit of morality to the rollicking tune in the Lancers quadrilles; a smooth, clever knave, to whom honesty was burdensome; crafty, but caught at last in the web of his own cunning; a criminal but not a martyr, one who was not burnt for the faith but hanged for forgery;—at what extreme ends of the scale of divines are Bishop Ridley and Doctor Dodd! Cambridge indeed may boast of every species of greatness in the character of her sons, Bacon, Spenser, Milton, Ridley, Latimer,

and troops of as heart-thrilling names; and therewith Titus Oates and Doctor Dodd,—aye and Scum Goodman, that luckier knave, the maintained lover of the Duchess of Cleveland, a forger like the Doctor, a player and a plotter in King William's days, a dabbler too in murder, or in incentives to murder, who was expelled from Cambridge for cutting the picture of the Duke of Monmouth, the Chancellor, and who would assuredly, later, have gone "westward ho!"—the London slang for the way to Tyburn tree,—had he not fled abroad to be got rid of in some tavern brawl, of which history makes no record. The better men are here, however, in the majority; the worse appear only here and there, looking like the graduates in the goose-market at Sturbridge Fair, where Webster's Bellamont saw "a number of freshmen stuck here and there with a graduate, like cloves with great heads in a gammon of bacon."

Sturbridge Fair periodically, and Mrs. Aynsworth permanently, sensibly disturbed the propriety of the old University town. The former could not be put down; but the lady was banished the place, on account of her evil life. She established herself at an inn at Bishop's Stortford, where she amassed such a fortune that she entertained the Vice-Chancellor and some of the heads of houses with a dinner off silver plate, bedding them afterwards on couches fit for kings, and refused to make any charge for a hospitality which acquitted, as she said, a debt of gratitude. How slyly Mr. Pepys alludes to this painted piece of mischief when, in October, 1667, his friends Lowther and Burford arrived with him and Mrs. Pepys at the Reindeer at Stortford, "where Mrs. Aynsworth, who lived heretofore at Cambridge, and whom I knew better than they think for, do live. It is the woman that, among other things, was great with my cousin Barmston, of Cottenham, and did use to sing to him, and did teach me 'Full forty times over,—a woman they are very well acquainted with, and is here what she was at Cambridge, and all the good fellows of the country come hither." A glance at the internal arrangements of the hotel kept by the ex-alumna of the University town is afforded us by the former student of Magdalen and drinker of Mrs. Aynsworth's ale:—"To supper, and so to bed; my wife and I in one bed, and the girl in another, in the same room, and lay very well: but there was so much tearing company in the house, that we could not see the landlady; so I had no opportunity of renewing my old acquaintance with her."

In the following year, we come upon evidence tending to show that the resolutely dissolute University men were nothing the quieter for the banishment of Mistress Aynsworth. At the end of May, 1668, Pepys records:—"After dinner, to Cambridge, about nine at night; and there I met my father's horses, with a man staying for me. But it is so late, and the waters so deep, that I durst not go to-night: but, after supper, to bed; and there lay very ill, by reason of some drunken scholars making a noise all night." These roysterers were, doubtless, exceptional personages. At all events, a University is to be judged of by its best rather than its worst samples. At the very time the drunken scholars were keeping Pepys from sleeping, young Stillingfleet—that noble object of emulation to all Cambridge students sincerely preparing for "divinity"—was electrifying the crowds that packed St. Andrew's, Holborn, by the eloquent earnestness of his preaching. When rivals were contending for that London rectory, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London presented Stillingfleet to the Lord Treasurer, as the "ablest young man to preach the Gospel

of any since the time of the Apostles." There will be no "Section" so closely beset with listeners, next week, as St. Andrew's used to be, when countless thousands succeeded each other, all eager to see and to hear the "young man" who had come up from Cambridge University with such testimony to his efficiency. He was not of the idle fellows who used to buy stewed prunes of Goody Mulliner, over against Magdalen College,—fellows who, in the next century, had their descendants in the gay "Apollos," with Prince William of Gloucester at the head of them, and whose distinction was to wear the hair

Unfrizzled, unanointed and untied;
No powder seen.

There was, probably, never greater laxity in the discipline of Cambridge than during the last half of the last century. Fellows and even the Tutors of Colleges were rarely seen at the morning service in chapel, and pamphleteers published sharp 'Strictures' thereon. Warburton said of Law, Master of Peterhouse, that he was not half so fit for the mastership as Sancho Panza was for his governorship. Law's 'Sleep of the Soul' startled the thinkers and philosophers as well as the indifferentists of his day; and when Hone was tried for blasphemy before Lord Ellenborough, the sharpest stab he inflicted on that irascible judge was conveyed in an allusion to the alleged heterodoxy of his father.

It was then the "thing" to affect indolence, and the least welcome visitation to Cambridge would have been such a one as that of the British Association. When angles and triangles were defined, a "Fellow" was thought witty who said, "Well, what's the good of it?" Students with their tutors talked of stables and kennels; and young gentlemen who boasted that they should not have to live by their learning (they would have starved if they had made the experiment) gave breakfast-parties, in those bad old days, which lasted till the ringing of the dinner-bell. Then were Johnians famed for punning, and renowned for slang. A "Johnian hog" would talk of being a "constant quantity" at a certain coffee-house, and would coolly tell you that "the force of his understanding varied inversely as the number of bumpers he took off." Freshmen were then said to understand Latin better than Sophs; and both were scarcely excelled in power and extent of swearing by those children of the vulture, their own Gyps. There were more angles described on billiard-tables than in college; and young lords took delight in riding horses long distances in very short periods, unaffected by the sarcasm of Fordham, that a monkey could do as much. Meanwhile, however, there were silent workers who were not forgetful of their manhood, nor of what was expected from it; and even "wooden spoons" took heart of grace and struggled forward, despite the cynical cheering of the leaden *oi polloi*.

There existed an old Tory prejudice against Cambridge. When George the Second, after sending a troop of horse to Oxford,

—books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That this right loyal body wanted learning,—

as the old Tory epigram ran,—Sir William Browne, of Peterhouse, returned the well-known reply, that

The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care, to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

This was neat, but it was not altogether true. If the forthcoming lecturers on political economy will only examine the facts, they will find that in certain matters the logic of interest, and not the force of argument, has too often influenced the University. This presumably

learned and experienced body in 1705 rejected Sir Isaac Newton (who had sat for the University in the Convention Parliament of 1688) as one of its representatives. Of the four candidates who stood for the honour, the great astronomer was the lowest on the poll. At a later period, Mr. Pitt, not in office, sued the University in vain; but when he had the distribution of loaves and fishes in his hand, as prime minister, he was elected whether he would or not. So did the University triumphantly return Lord Henry Petty when in office, and more summarily discard him on his ceasing to hold that office. These are familiar examples of a very old Cambridge policy,—as we may see by an entry in Pepys's Diary for Sunday, the 15th of April, 1660, in which he says—"To sermon, and then to dinner, where my Lord (Sandwich) told me that the University of Cambridge had a mind to choose him for their burgess; which he pleased himself with, to think that *they* do look upon him as a *thriving man*, and said so openly at table." Since the English Universities first received the privilege of sending representatives to Parliament, that privilege was never so abused as in the above particular cases. The University showed little more judgment when it chose the Duke of Grafton for its Chancellor. He was, indeed, the patron of Gray; but he treated the learned body by whom he was elected with intolerable neglect. What, however, could the members have expected from one who, though a student of Peterhouse, was still an undergraduate, and who refused the degree of LL.D. at his creation, from his determination not to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles?

Browne, whom we have noticed above, was a man of as stout spirit as solid learning. It was he who, when coarsely attacked by a critic in a pamphlet, did not condescend to answer the vilifier, but nailed the pamphlet itself, like an unclean bird, on his own door. Gray and West, Garth ("the best good Christian he, although he know it not") and Jerry Markland, are all names which will be remembered with respect by every member of the great congress who may visit Peterhouse. Gray and West were serious students; but even they fell into the slang ways and expressions of their time, and while West laughed at mathematics and mathematicians, public disputations, gaudy days, and "college impertinencies generally," Gray wrote satirically of "a country inhabited by things called Doctors and Masters of Arts,—a country flowing with syllogisms and ale." The fame of their contemporary, Jerry Markland, has waned; but he was a potentiality in his day, a critic whose modesty may be measured by his assertion that there were many bad lines in the *Æneid* which he would never have allowed to appear in a poem of his own! Dennis, of Cambridge, that other famous critic, who thought he had inflicted more injury on France than Marlborough, is now, except by name, little better known than Markland. The inventor of new stage-thunder was, however, a member of Caius and Gonville, whence, according to Dr. Farmer, he was expelled for "attempting to stab a man in the dark,"—a story which is too poorly authenticated to obtain general acceptance. The great Lord Thurlow, like the Duke of Grafton whom we have mentioned above,—the one Chancellor of England, the other Chancellor of the University,—left Cambridge without taking a degree. This was in the last century, when such a course entailed no particular disgrace, and when there were "Masters" as little learned as scholars. For example, there was the Hon. and Rev. Barton Wallop, younger brother of the Earl of Portsmouth. He was made Master of Magdalen,

and is described as having been totally illiterate. Nothing that he did ever surprised any one, except his dying on the first day of partridge-shooting, in 1781, which was considered an inadvertence on the part of the reverend sportsman. So, when Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity, and a learned and eager florist, was told that a learned and eager brother-florist had just shot himself, "Good G-d!" exclaimed the reverend Vice-Master, "is it possible? Just at the beginning of tulip-time!"

Cambridge, however, possessed more worthy and conscientious Masters than these; among whom we are disposed to place John Cowell, of Trinity Hall, who throughout a long residence was never known to be absent from morning prayer at chapel but once in his life. The omission was so striking, that the memory of it was perpetuated, or, at least, kept up for a considerable period by a singular custom. The hour for morning prayer was half-past six; but, in remembrance of Cowell's absence, it was decreed that on each anniversary of the occurrence there should be no call to prayer till eight; and the late sleepers blessed the memory and the precedent of Master John Cowell.

It need hardly be said that some of the most learned men and most laborious workers were among the wittyest and merriest in the University. There was none more learned, more seriously given to literary labours, more witty or mirthful, than good, quaint Joshua Barnes, who was admitted to Emmanuel in 1671, and whose works are well known and appreciated. He had a rare memory for good stories, and told them well; but in some cases he lacked clear and precise judgment, of which another Cantabrigian wit took advantage, and, before Joshua's death, prepared this epitaph for him,—"Joshua Barnes, felix memorie, judicium expectans." But Barnes was not only of happy wit, but of happy invention. The classical scholar married a lady with a dowry, who held that classical books, being written by heathens, were very naughty books. Whereupon, Joshua, who wished to read his Homer in peace, composed a little poem in Greek, which he translated to his wife, as an ancient work, and which satisfactorily proved that Solomon was the author of the *Iliad*! Mrs. Barnes was delighted; a sensation of which she would have been less conscious if she had held, as the Bishop of Castabala did, that Solomon was as far off from salvation as any of the historical kings recorded in Scripture.

The grave and earnest Bedell is perhaps the great and serene glory of what used to be called in popular local song, "pure Emmanuel." As a bishop, indeed, the prelate of Kilmore can only be compared with another Cambridge man, Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who was married to a poor See, and never desired to be divorced from his spiritual spouse. Others look upon Sancroft, one of the Masters of Emmanuel, as its chief celebrity; and much may be said for the bold, honest and deprived Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet we could have wished that he had left it as poor himself in purse, still living, as Tillotson did, when dead; but out of the revenues, the ex-primate enjoyed and bequeathed a considerable fortune to his family.

Emmanuel had a great innovator in the practice of medicine a couple of hundred years ago, in the person of Dr. Croune, who eagerly and hopefully supported the new or the revived practice of the transfusion of blood from the veins of a healthy to those of a sick person, whereby widely useful results were hoped for. The wits adopted the idea, satirically, discussing it as warmly as any subject is likely to be discussed in the Association. Some audacious

fellows proposed that it should be tried for the purpose of effecting a change in the moral constitution, and they speculated on what might happen if the blood of a quakeress were transfused into the veins of the Archbishop of Canterbury; not an insignificant joke when it is remembered that the Primate, Gilbert Sheldon, was said to have some inclinations too much like those of the too vivacious Sir Charles Sedley.

Though we have not named the hundredth part of the celebrities of Cambridge, we have said enough to show that, next week, the philosophers will find themselves in very excellent company. In the Halls, King James once disputed; and princes there have sat to be entertained by dramas played by students. From its Schools have gone forth the brightest dignitaries of the law, the church and the senate; and should a member of the British Association look for a greater than these, one above kings, he will find him at Sidney Sussex College, where the name of Oliver Cromwell is still a presence and a power.

But, to our thinking, there is a brighter brotherhood than these in the glorious band of poets who have given more glory to Cambridge than they have derived from it. The father of them all, racy Chaucer, fittingly belongs to both Universities; his sons are on both foundations, but Cam can boast of more immortal singers than Isis, as the county can of useful Caxton, to whom all authors are so greatly indebted. In the foreground are Spenser, Milton, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, George Herbert, Francis Quarles, Dryden, Cowley and Byron. Less prominent, but worthy children of song, are Waller, Marvel, Prior, Butler, Gray and Pomfret, Crashaw and Garth, Elijah Fenton, drolly representing the Dissenter minstrelsy, with Whitehead, the son of a Cambridge baker, contrasting with Mason—a lucky poet with fifteen hundred a year—and Kirke White, the earnest student and the early singer. Oxford, with the exception of Massinger, Addison and Samuel Johnson, cannot match the foremost men of the Cambridge tuneful record. From either a greater name than the greatest there, Shakespeare, is absent, as if to prove that a poet is indebted directly to Heaven for his inspiration, though, as Jonson acknowledged with respect to his master, Camden, he may be indebted to man for something of his learning. Dodsley's livery covered a tolerable versifier whom instruction would have benefited; but college training would not have given an additional grace to Gay, who began life by measuring out silk for ladies behind a counter; nor would a knowledge of mathematics or of the causes of the precession of the equinoxes have conferred more power on untaught Falconer, the barber's son, whose 'Shipwreck' is a picture and a poem, from which Lord Byron, of Cambridge, condescended to borrow with adroitness. The wisdom, the cunning, the might and the harmony of the poet are of no University, but all from God. In Cambridge, philosophy and poetry meet, both vocations divine in their essence, and illustrated nowhere more nobly than they are here in Francis Bacon, of Trinity, and John Milton, of Christ's College. In those two alone, lies glory sufficient and to spare for the trying-place of the Members of the British Association.

Verses. By Henry Kendall. (Unpublished.) We have sent out poets to Australia,—among others the Author of 'Orion'; and Australia cannot as yet be said to have paid us back in poetic coin. Not that there is failure of musical issue on that continent. Indeed, much

verse is in circulation among the gold-finders and the backwoodsmen. From Hobart Town to Moreton Bay every newspaper has its poets, who set events to music, like the Grecian singers and the Northern skalds. Of the rhymes of these poets, not a trifle finds its way to Wellington Street, Strand. By nearly every mail comes an appeal from the neglect which genius finds in the Colonies to the more liberal and impartial literary courts of the mother-country, justified by parcels of manuscript verse and newspaper cuttings, which the hopeful writer expects us to read with patience and indulgence. Who could refuse? The poor fellow—often a clever fellow—lives 16,000 miles away. He has no friends on this Northern side of the globe. You do not know him. He has never seen you,—perhaps never will see you. He has no other claim on your kindness than his poverty of resource. Often his appeal against the injustice of Colonial editors has very slight foundation: his verses halt, his cases differ, his illustrations fail. But we read with hope. From a new country should come, in time, a new literature. Those images of a virgin nature, found in the sky and landscape, in the Fauna and Flora of Australia, must one day speak to the true poet and find an utterance in his song. All the poetry of a new land will not escape in action. If a Burke lives his poem, some Tennyson may arise to write it. One day or other, we shall catch the brightness of an Australian sky on the page of an Australian bard. By the last mail from Sydney came to us the usual parcel from an unknown hand. The note which accompanies the verses sent for our inspection is dated Sydney, and signed "Henry Kendall." It contains all that we know of the young poet, and we place it textually before the reader, as a proper introduction to the verses we shall quote:—

"Sydney, New South Wales, July 19, 1862.

"Sir,—The inclosed papers will have travelled 16,000 miles when you receive them, and on that account I hope you will read them. I am an Australian, and a self-educated one; hence there may be technical errors in what I send. Their immaturity must be passed over for the reason that I have not reached my twentieth year. In a maze of 'crude imitations' perhaps, if there is anything holding out a promise of future excellence, tell me of it. Don't turn from me, as others have done, because I am a native of a country yet unrepresented in literature, but read what is sent before you condemn. Rejecting the magnificent patronage of our would-be literary magnates, I appeal to a greater authority for kinder treatment. If there is hope, give me some encouragement by noticing me in your journal; if there is none, I shall be satisfied with your decision. I cannot send any of my later writings, because they are too long and too Australian to be cared for by Englishmen. They, at least, are my own. But even in these, which were written while I was in my eighteenth year, I have striven to be original. And a very good opportunity I have had, being not in a position to afford to buy books, and living out of the reach of them, in the backwoods of the colony.

"I am, &c., HENRY KENDALL."

Our readers will have guessed by our introduction, that we think better of Mr. Kendall's verse than of the usual receipts from Australia. Mr. Kendall has much to learn; but he has received from nature some of that strong poetic faculty and power which no amount of learning can bestow. The spirit of nearly all the writings under our hand is dark and sorrowful, but of their energy and vigour there can be little doubt. The following song has not been printed:—

THE RIVER AND THE HILL.

They shook their sweetness out in their sleep
On the brink of that beautiful stream;
But it wandered along with a wearisome song,
Like a lover that walks in a dream!

So the Roses blew
When the winds went through,
In the moonlight so white and so still;
But the River, it beat
All night at the feet
Of a cold and a flinty hill—
Of a hard and a senseless hill.

I said, "We have often showered our loves
Upon something as dry as the dust;
And the faith that is crost, and the hearts that are lost—
Oh! how can we wittingly trust?
The winds wax faint,
And the Moon, like a Saint,
Glides over the woodlands so white and so still!
But you beat and you beat
All night at the feet
Of that cold and flinty hill—
Of that hard and senseless hill."

'Kiama,' the name of the poem we shall next lay before the reader, is a hamlet on the coast of New South Wales, about eighty miles south of Sydney:—

KIAMA.

Kiama slumbers, robed with mist all glittering in the dewy light,
That, brooding o'er the shingly shore, lies resting in the arms of Night;
And foam-flecked crags with surges chill, and rocks embraced by cold-lipped spray,
Are moaning aloud where billows crowd, in angry numbers, up the bay.
The holy stars come looking down on windy heights and swarthy strand;
And Life and Love—the cliffs above—are sitting fondly, hand in hand.

And Life and Love—
The cliffs above—
Are sitting fondly, hand in hand.

I hear a music inwardly, that floods my soul with thoughts of joy;
Within my heart emotions start, that Time may still, but ne'er destroy.
An ancient Spring revives itself, and Days which made the Past divine;
And rich, warm gleams from golden Dreams, all glorious in their summer shine;
And songs of half-forgotten hours, and many a sweet melodious strain,
Which still shall rise beneath the skies when all things else have died again.

Which still shall rise
Beneath the skies
When all things else have died again.

A white Sail glimmers out at Sea—a Vessel walking in her sleep;
Some Power goes past that bends the mast, while frightened waves to leeward leap.
The moonshine veils the naked sand, and ripples upward with the tide,
As underground there roams a sound from where the caverned waters glide.
A face that bears affection's glow, the soul that speaks from gentle eyes,
And joy which slips from loving lips, have made this spot my Paradise!

And joy which slips
From loving lips,
Have made this spot my Paradise!

The peculiar mark of Mr. Kendall's genius, —a wild, dark, Miller-like power of landscape-painting,—is less visible in these little pieces than in the following one:—

FAINTING BY THE WAY.

Swarthy wastelands, wide and woodless, glittering miles and miles away,
Where the South wind seldom wanders, and the Winters will not stay,—
Lurid wastelands, pent in silence, thick with hot and thirsty sighs,
Where the scanty thorn-leaves twinkle, with their haggard, hopeless eyes,—
Furnaced wastelands, hunched with hillocks, like to stony billows rolled,
Where the naked flats lie swirling, like a sea of darkened gold,—
Burning wastelands, glancing upward with a weird and vacant stare,
Where the languid heavens quiver o'er red depths of still air.

"Oh, my brother, I am weary of this wildering waste of sand;
In the noontide we can never travel to the promised land!
Lo! the Desert broadens round us, glaring wildly in my face,
With long leagues of sun-flame on it—O the barren, barren place!
See, behind us gleams a green plot: shall we thither turn and rest,
Till a cool wind flutters over—till the Day is down the West?

I would follow, but I cannot! Brother, let me here remain,
For the heart is dead within me, and I may not rise again."

"Wherefore stay to talk of fainting! rouse thee for awhile,
my friend;
Evening hurries on our footsteps, and this journey soon will end:—

Wherefore stay to talk of fainting, when the Sun, with sinking fire,
Smites the blocks of broken thunder blackening yonder craggy spire?
Even now the far-off landscape broods and fills with coming change,
And a withered Moon grows brighter, bending o'er that shadowed range;
At the feet of grassy summits sleeps a Water calm and clear,—
There is surely rest beyond it! comrade, wherefore tarry here?

"Yet a little longer struggle: we have walked a wilder plain,
And have met more troubles, trust me, than we e'er shall meet again.

Can you think of all the dangers you and I are living through,
With a soul so weak and fearful—with the doubts I never knew?
Dost thou not remember that the thorns are clustered with the rose,
And that every Zin-like border may a pleasant land inclose?
Oh! across these sultry Deserts many a fruitful scene we'll find;
And the blooms we gather shall be worth the wounds they leave behind."

"Ah! my brother, it is useless! see, o'erburdened with their load,
All the friends who went before us fall or falter by the road.

We have come a weary distance, seeking what we may not get;
And I think we are but children chasing rainbows through the wet.
Tell me not of vernal valleys! Is it well to hold a reed
Out for drowning men to clutch at in the moments of their need?

Go thy journey—on without me! it is better I should stay,
Since my life is like an evening—fading, swooning fast away.

"Where are all the Springs you talked of? Have I not with pleading mouth
Lookt to Heaven through a silence stifled in the crimson drouth?
Have I not, with lips unsated, watched to see the fountains burst

Where I searched the rocks for cisterns, and they only mocked my thirst?
Oh! I dreamt of countries fertile, bright with lakes and flashing rills,
Leaping from their shady caverns, streaming round a thousand hills!
Leave me, brother! all is fruitless, barren, measureless and dry;
And my God will never help me, though I pray, and faint, and die."

"Up! I tell thee this is idle! O thou man of little faith;
Doubting on the verge of Aiden—turning now to covet death!

By the fervent hopes within me, by the strength which nerves my soul,
By the heart that yearns to help thee, we shall live and reach the goal!
Rise, and lean thy weight upon me! Life is fair, and God is just;
And He yet will show us fountains, if we only look and trust!

Oh! I know it; and He leads us to the glens of stream and shade,
Where the low sweet waters gurgle round the banks which cannot fade."

Thus he spake, my friend and brother, and he took me by the hand,
And I think we walkt the Desert till the night was on the land.

Then we came to flowery hollows, where we heard a far-off stream
Singing in the moony twilight, like the rivers of my dream;
And the balmy winds came tripping softly through the pleasant trees,
And I thought they bore a murmur like a voice from sleeping seas.
So we travelled—so we reached it; and I never more will part
With the peace, as calm as sunset, folded round my weary heart.

Most readers who examine the structure of these pieces will agree with us, that a man who can execute such work at the age of twenty, may hope in his riper years and experience to be heard of again in the world of letters.

Studies of the Manners and Literature of Germany in the Nineteenth Century—[*Trente Années de Critique: Etudes sur l'Allemagne au Dix-neuvième Siècle*, par M. Philàrète Chasles]. (Paris, Amyot.)

THE Preface to this second volume of 'Études Allemandes' contains a painful exposition of

the causes which have led to the long interval between the appearance of the first and second volumes. It refers to incidents with which general English readers, and, no doubt, many of his own countrymen, are ignorant. It is evident that unmerited chagrins, and calumnies upon his private life and character, intrigues of cliques, and cabals of literary circles, at home and on the Continent, have made M. Philàrète Chasles' life sorrowful. He alludes to some of these accusations with a sad bitterness, which affects the reader painfully, like the sight of a veteran soldier in old age abandoned to

Solitude, pain of heart, distress and poverty.

His whole life offers the best refutation of all the malicious, false assertions of his detractors, —a refutation which is unanswerable and unsailable. Those who read the works of M. Philàrète Chasles,—those who know how he has laboured,—those who know the honourable position he has created for himself as Professor in the Collège de France—who see, by the light he has thrown upon every subject he has taken in hand, the trace of his labours;—those people—and they are the public for whom he has laboured—will never hear any of the dark innuendoes and malicious assertions made from illdness or malice by a small number of personal enemies. It is not alone that they will not listen, but they will not hear. We wish M. Chasles had made no allusion to these evil tongues—

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

However, although it is easy for bystanders to counsel patience and supreme silence, it is more difficult for the sufferer under the injuries to practise it: fine epithets do not help a bruised heart. The profound discouragement and sadness caused by being misunderstood and mistaken by those before whom one has lived a true and transparent life, without guile and without hypocrisy, are very hard to bear.

We give M. Chasles our own faith and sympathy, and pass on to the consideration of this second volume of Germanic Studies which are at length before us. They are the fruit borne by the six years of hard trial to which he has been subject. To distract his mind from the hearing of evil, he threw himself into travel: he went to Germany, to study on the spot a country he had hitherto known only in books. He took it thoroughly: "I visited it," says he, "from the north to the centre, neglecting neither the lowest nor the secondary classes, and not disdaining to take up my abode in poor men's huts and old forests." Some of these *Études* have appeared in print, and been disseminated in journals; but the present work is not a reprint: every *Étude* has been remodelled, re-written,—in short, re-composed; so that it is, in fact, an entirely fresh work.

M. Philàrète Chasles is an exquisite critic; for in him the gift of delicate dissection and keen insight does not destroy the gift of sympathy—the true test of genius, the gift without which all knowledge and dialectic skill fall short of understanding. M. Philàrète Chasles is eminently possessed of the judicial faculty of understanding, which enables him to take in every circumstance, and to give to it its right value and relative bearing,—to find for it a place, instead of compendiously cutting off or excluding whatever will not agree with his own formula. He has the great faculty of being able to reconcile and put in harmony traits of character and qualities of mind which men beset with the dry legal faculty of logic would find hopeless and insurmountable contradictions, and condemn them accordingly. M. Philàrète instinctively seizes on the points where authors are true to their own best nature,—to the light that is in them—the light "which

lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He can see, too, where they diverge into falsehood and exaggeration, whether of fact or sentiment; he gathers up all the contradictions with a grace and skill peculiar to himself—his conclusions are as just and sagacious as his analysis has been keen and clear. He resumes and restores to life and unity all he has divided to examine in detail. His portraits of authors are lifelike: the idea that shaped their lives looks out in every line and trait; and though the men are measured by the highest standard of revealed truth and nobleness of life, their shortcomings and errors marked down, still there is a never-failing vein of *understanding sympathy* throughout; all the best meaning that lies within the men is recognized, however it may be blurred or inadequately expressed. The ideal after which the author has aspired is articulated for him, with a delicate and felicitous skill which disarms justice of the crude harshness which disfigures that virtue in unskilful hands and circumscribed minds. Men are naturally inclined to love justice; but that which passes for justice is often only legal pedantry.

Readers must not take up a volume of M. Philarette Chasles' under the idea that they will meet with startling eloquence or emotional writing. His style is not highly coloured; it is quiet, clear and delicate—discriminative, going into the very marrow of the subject; but it is not forcible nor picturesque. A cultivated and delicate taste is requisite to enjoy his works; we should quote Wordsworth's line, and say to a reader—

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

In the present volume of these 'Studies,' there is a deeper tone and a more definitely religious sentiment than in any of the previous ones: the sorrows and chagrins through which he has passed seem to have given ripeness and richness to his thoughts and expressions. There is a grave earnestness and simplicity which give an impress to his writing which is not the common characteristic of French literature. The tone and spirit which pervade the writings of M. Chasles give one a hope for France which the general run of imaginative French literature goes near to destroy.

The first part of the volume, which is taken up by 'Notes and Recollections of a Voyage to Berlin,' is worth reading, as the impression made upon a man of thought by what he saw and heard; but as a traveller M. Chasles is less excellent than he is as a critic: he can seize and reproduce shades of thought better than he narrates incidents or describes scenes. The truth is, that Germany in general, and Berlin in particular, wearied him; and his *ennui* peers through his narrative, and is communicated to the reader. In spite of his love of justice, he found Berlin, with its immense buildings, and somewhat stagnant, or at least very subdued, tone of society, awfully dull: the conversation was heavy in the *salons*, and the Berliners lack the social genius of the Parisians; it was like being banished to the provinces—there was an emphatic dullness over all. We give the portraits of Hoffmann, Humboldt and Schiller. We wish we could give the whole of the three studies at length; they are portraits of the mind, body and human nature of the characters. Nothing can be more admirable than the chapters on the great authors of Germany. Hoffmann is one of the group entitled 'The Three Magicians of the North':—

Large shoulders for a very little body; a robust chest which did not seem intended for so feeble a personage; small legs, short and diminutive; the bony structure of his face stood vigorously

out under a skull which was very contracted and undeveloped; very small grey eyes, which glittered and sparkled under emotion, but which were otherwise vague, dull and heavy; a remarkably low forehead, with the hair growing down to the eyebrows:—such was Hoffmann—a caricature rather than a man. A determined sensuality—a will obstinate to brutality—a good deal of *finesse* and attention, but the attention of an artist, not that of a thinker—a rustic sagacity, penetrating and satirical—might be read clearly upon the closely-shut lips and in the whole of this whimsical physiognomy, which entirely lacked the sympathy and the grace which are sometimes found in the countenances of the most cunning lawyers, the most determined of drinkers, and the least charitable of misanthropes. The shape of the nose is bold, imperious and finely cut. Irony, discontent and bad temper govern the general expression. After having finished his legal studies with some distinction, he obtained several government employments, and acquitted himself of his duties to the satisfaction of his chiefs. It was neither aptitude for labour nor perseverance in a prescribed employment which he lacked: it was ideality, love, sympathy, order. During this happy and peaceful period of his life, he sowed the germs of his excessive inconstancy—of his passionate and feeble mobility,—in a word, of that gross and violent sensuality which increased upon him with age, and which, instead of renewing his talent, enfeebled it and turned it out of the way. Rochlitz, Hitzig and Funk—all his biographers have thrown a charitable and friendly veil over his desultory habits, his mad extravagance, his dissipation, and especially his drunkenness. This explains, even in a literary point of view, his writings,—the offspring of disorder, moral, intellectual and physical. His irony is that of a drunkard: he mocks at everything, despises life and despises himself. His melancholy is that which follows drunkenness—the images which come from his pen are like a drunken dream. There is a complete absence of all aim, of volition, of moral firmness; a negation of life, alike of its true enjoyments, its severe duties, and of its legitimate activity.

Here is a pendant portrait of Humboldt:—

Alexandre de Humboldt was at that time eighty years of age. He possessed a prodigious physical activity, and what is called knowledge of the world. He was a type at once of the present epoch, devoted to the study of facts and the application of them, and also of the latter end of the eighteenth century, which had given the bent to the education of his mind. I desired to make his acquaintance. Scarcely had I left my card at his door, when the old man, with an *empressment* altogether amiable, responded to my respectful advances. French sociability found in him an accomplished—one might almost say, an exaggerated representative. How soft, amenable, coquettish, familiar, communicative, engaging!—a man of the world, a courtier he was. One only recognized by his great shoulders, the square massiveness of his frame and the vigour of his athletic step, the traveller of the Cordilleras. An extraordinary transformation had made him one of those German-French personages whom Jean-Paul loved to delineate,—courtly imitators of the manners of Versailles, of whom they exaggerated the grace and became a parody. His voice was honeyed to affection, his way of speaking was mannered; his hair was irreproachably arranged, his handkerchief was bathed in perfumes; his very step was cadenced. He spoke a French of the old school, quintessential, petrified and insupportable, with ornate periods and interminable parentheses, and all the monotony of the finest style of provincial academicians. Nothing was natural with this observer of Nature; there was nothing living, animated, simple or sympathetic,—nothing free in his person, nor anything German either. You would have said that, by some mysterious process of embalming, his costume, his words, his air, his clothes, including his shirt-frill and his ruffles, might have belonged to some marquis of the *XXI^e de Bouff*, and had been preserved intact from the external air and the movement of things.

The chapter on Schiller is the gem of the book: it is too long to quote entire, but we give a passage:—

For Schiller, as for all highest intelligences, age brought neither decay nor alteration. The abundant harvest of his autumn proves the persistence and vigour of the sap. Nothing in him betrays senility or exhaustion. Thus Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, Montaigne, Shakspeare, perfect and complete their work with their years. The best fruits do not rot upon the branch; they ripen there.

There is a chapter on 'Pastoral, Rustic and Popular Literature,' which is admirable. It is rare to find a Frenchman who can relish and render justice to our own Cowper, but M. Chasles understands him. M. Chasles writes noble criticism about Milton and Spenser; but even he cannot translate them into French,—they will not submit to the language. Whoever wishes to read these poets must do so in the original: the aroma and beauty evaporate in the process of pouring them out of one language into the other.

The Common-Sense of the Water Cure. A Popular Description of Life and Treatment in a Hydropathic Establishment By Capt. J. H. Lukis. (Hardwicke.)

EVIL must be he who would speak ill of water, hot or cold. As the beneficent servant of nature, covering the earth with flowers and fruit and corn,—as the slave of man, ever ready to assist him in his operations on the material world,—as the outward form of that mysterious power, eloquently apostrophized by Michelet, which unites in common brotherhood the inhabitants of widely-severed lands,—water will always command the affectionate reverence of sentimental observers of nature. As an instrument of immeasurable value in the many humble exigencies of daily existence, it is secure of general respect. "Let him die of thirst," saith the prophet, "who loves not the sacred drops." We have no inclination to decry it. Our belief is, that man cannot do better than use it externally every morning, as a cold, bracing refresher to the nerves, after the luxurious warmth of bed; and we are not prepared to contradict those who maintain that the element, taken internally, is innocuous—so long as it be drunk with moderation, and united with a proper "lacing" of wine or brandy. By all means let water have due praise. Our devotion to it is not enthusiastic, but we disclaim all bigoted antagonism to its influence. That the wayside drinking fountain is a "great moral lever," and that a cup of cold water swallowed during the heat of the day stands the harvestman in as good stead as a mug of nut-brown ale, are no articles of our creed; still we pay grateful homage to nature's beverage,—and not the less ready are we to do so because it contributes to the making of good beer.

Our liberality, however, is narrowed when the indiscreet worshippers of the pump, instead of repaying generous consideration with courtesy, take up a pugilistic attitude against all those who hold that the world contains more good things than ever came from the pump's mouth. Capt. Lukis is not content with being happy himself: his measure of enjoyment is not full unless he can make other people miserable. It is not enough for him to drink water and think water,—to live at the Ilkley Wells Hydropathic Establishment, where the "mighty roar of the douche" is ever reverberating in his ears—where, without giving annoyance to his companions, he may fillip himself up, once in every twenty minutes, with a sitz-bath, or compose himself for study with a dripping sheet thrown over his shoulders. "On all sides," writes the Captain, from his Ilkley washhouse,

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"as I write, I can hear the rushing of many waters. At one time, I can detect the distant hiss of the rain-bath; at another, I recognize the mighty roar of the douche. If, in the course of my literary labour, my hand should falter from fatigue, a dripping sheet is ready, to restore my drooping energy. If my head should tire, 'as well as the weary hand,' a sitz-bath is an unfailing specific for clearing away cobwebs from the brain." Surely a retired Captain, of the author's tastes, might be satisfied with a tranquil, unobtrusive existence in such an Elysium of rumbling conduits, bursting pipes, clattering shower-baths, fizzing spouts, sopped floors and drenched linen. Far from being so, however, he seeks to heighten his bliss by persuading all men who take life in ways different from his own that they are miserable creatures—steadily persisting in a course of self-destruction. He tells them that despondency lurks in their sparkling champagne, and death in their tobacco; that fat venison and soups and Nesselrode puddings are followed by a grim multitude of woes; that to take a pinch of snuff is to lower the nervous tone; whilst for a husband to rise later than the sun is to transmit an enfeebled constitution to a wretched progeny. To do Capt. Lukis justice, it should be stated that he is not alone in his desire to preach up the Water-Cure, till it becomes a source of discomfort to simple people who regulate their lives (as to questions of "eating, drinking and avoiding") by Abernethy's simple rule, that "everything may be held to agree with the digestion until it has disagreed with it." Water-patients, as soon as "the cure" has relieved them of a tetchy stomach, are very generally seized by a far more malicious devil than the demon of dyspepsia, who, entering into their breasts, impels them to run a-muck against their inoffensive neighbours—especially against those who enjoy "a first-rate cigar." Some years since, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton resided for a brief period at a hydropathic establishment, and, being much benefited by "the system," felt it right to tell the world the story of his watery experiences. Since that time it has become the mode for liberated water-patients to undertake the work of converting unbelievers. Of those who can write, at least 50 per cent. throw off brochures, articles or published letters describing the delights of wet clothing. The other 50 per cent. make proselytes by oral instruction, resembling in their conduct those rustics at a village-fair who, when they have paid their pennies and seen "the lady with pink eyes," or "the Giant of Lima whose only food is air," or "the wonderful horse with his head where his tail ought to be," urge bystanders to go in and see them also.

Such advice Capt. Lukis gives to outsiders who have made no personal acquaintance with the hydropathic system. "Go and try it," says the Captain; "go to Ilkley, that pleasant village on the right bank of the Wharfe; that invigorating spot 'on the slopes of a Yorkshire valley, and overlooking one of the most picturesque rivers of England.'" The counsel, it must be allowed, is given with more courtesy than ordinarily characterizes valetudinarians with whimsies about medicine. With the exception of certain rather violent remarks against the members of "the faculty," who are designated "drug-doctors" (a term, by the way, which is apologetically explained in "the Preface"), the book contains no offence against good taste. The author does not knock the cigar out of the stranger's mouth, but with lively cajolery endeavours to wheedle him out of the possession of his well-filled case. In short, he writes in a gentlemanly tone, and with good-humour; and his book, though parts of it are very foolish

and ridiculous, is, upon the whole, agreeable reading. "My good-natured friends," he says, "mournfully wag their sagacious heads whenever my unfortunate mania is mentioned. When I leave the room, they indicate my unhappy condition in serious pantomime, by shrugging their expressive shoulders and touching their intellectual foreheads. I am quite content to be the reputed possessor of 'a loose slate.' I console myself with the reflection that there is some method in my madness." Of course Capt. Lukis is on too good terms with himself to think that in reality there is "a loose slate" in his intellectual covering; but we can assure him that he has at least one "loose slate," which has slipped several inches from its proper place. The name of that slate is Caution. If it were re-adjusted and secured, hasty conclusions from insufficient data would not so readily get in beneath the roof.

Ignorant readers will possibly inquire what abstinence from turtle-soup and punch, suppers and late hours, can have to do with the "hydropathic system," which the uninitiated are accustomed to regard as a remedial plan by which the sick are relieved of their maladies through the internal and external exhibition of cold water. If they read this brochure, they will find that the immediate and briefest answer to their question is "A good deal." Let us see what Capt. Lukis says of the dietetic arrangements of Ilkley Wells House:—

"In chronic complaints especially, dietetic indulgence is slow suicide. Every year hundreds and thousands of highly-respectable people kill themselves with their knives and forks. Hydropathy sees the evil of complicated food, and regulates its diet tables with studious simplicity. White and brown bread, plain or toasted, fresh butter and lightly-boiled eggs, constitute the water-patient's breakfast. At some establishments he is allowed to take off the edge of his appetite with oatmeal porridge. His thirst he quenches with water, milk, cocoa or black tea. At dinner he may cut and come again at beef, mutton, fowl and vegetables, preceded occasionally by white fish, and followed invariably by plain puddings and stewed fruit. Bread and the necessary condiments are allowed in moderation; and water is, of course, the only beverage. And let not the gourmand sneer at such simple fare. He will be forced to come to it himself some day. And the time will also come, when he has got to the water-gruel stage, that he will vainly wish his broken-down digestive apparatus could manage even the plain dinner I have described. Whatever is placed before the water-patient is pure and good,—which cannot often be said of the made-up dishes and loaded wines of the purple and apoplectic *bon vivant*. The pure, clear and sparkling liquid that gushes from the Ilkley hills is not less exhilarating, and is much more wholesome, than manufactured champagne. And of such water may be said with truth, what is falsely said of such wine, that there 'is not a headache in a hogshead of it.' The bread, too, which is placed on the hydropathic table is made of genuine wheaten flour, and owes nothing to potatoes, alum or bone-dust. The milk is innocent of chalk, and under no obligation to the pump. The cocoa is made from nibs, and is not thick and slab with flour, like the compound called 'Homeopathic,' from the infinitesimal quantity of real cocoa it contains. Everything, in fact, is pure and of good quality, and requires only healthy digestion to convert it into healthy blood. And I maintain that with the materials I have named may be obtained sufficient of that variety which is not only charming, but wholesome. Beef may be roasted in ribs and sirloins, boiled in rounds, and broiled in steaks. Mutton may appear brown in haunches and saddles, and white in legs and necks; or it may be subdivided into simple chops, or re-appear under the more elaborate disguise of the becrumbed cutlet. And are there not Irish stews and other delectable compounds, which, if properly made, without much pepper and with very

little fat, are as wholesome as they are good? Fowls, too, may be boiled and roasted and grilled. Vegetables, if well cooked, may be eaten in endless variety, limited only by the capabilities of the kitchen garden. And as for puddings, what endless changes an ingenious artist may ring upon plain puddings! Although not proof against the insidious charms of pastry, I could get enthusiastic on the subject of plain puddings. It is a mistake to suppose that a plain pudding cannot be made nice. People's ideas on the subject are generally formed from the remembrance of those sloppy amalgamations of rice and milk that formed the bane of their youthful days, in nursery and school-room. I discovered my mistake during a long illness at a friend's house. What rare and delicately-flavoured combinations of tapioca, macaroni, vermicelli, semolina, Oswego flour, and a dozen other harmless elements, used to be tossed up by cunning hands to coax my coy and fastidious palate! I declare a well-made plain pudding is as great a triumph of culinary art as a well-boiled potato or well-made melted butter; and when married to stewed fruit,—a union encouraged by hydropathy on sound physiological principles,—it is as pleasant a mess to 'top up' with as trifle or tipsy cake."

In his chapters on 'Air' and 'Exercise,' Capt. Lukis shows that no less care is taken to provide the patients of Ilkley House with cheerful and well-ventilated apartments, and with the diversions of health-giving exercise, than to secure them from excessive indulgence in the pleasures of the table. No wonder that, with abundance of pure bracing air, a variety of well-chosen recreations, the presence of congenial society, abstemious diet, and regular hours, the water-patient finds himself better than when he was carrying a jaded stomach and a languid frame from one festive party to another during the London season. Cold shower-baths are more salutary than hot rooms. But there is nothing new in such treatment. Physicians have long known its good effects. Listen to "The Salerne Schoole":—

"The 'Salerne Schoole' doth by these lines impart
All health to England's king, and doth advise
From care his head to keepe, from wrath his hart,
Drink not much wine, sup light and soon arise,
When meat is gone long sitting breedeth smart;
And afternoone still waking keepe his eyes.

Use, then, physicians still—first, Doctor Quiet;
Next, Doctor Merriman and Doctor Dyet.

Dumoulin, the physician, observed at his death, that "he left behind him two great physicians, Regimen and River-water." Villars, the French quack, who before the middle of the last century made a large fortune by an almost justifiable fraud, kept thousands of patients in good health by administering to them nitre dissolved in Seine water (sold at five francs a bottle), and by insisting that they should "lead regular lives, eat moderately, drink temperately, take plenty of bodily exercise, go to and rise from bed early, and avoid mental anxiety." And in the same way the English quack, Graham, whilst he presided over the "Temple of Health," prohibited to his patients the use of "the deadly poisons and weakeners of both body and soul, and the canker-worms of estates, called foreign tea and sugar, red port wine, spirituous liquors, tobacco and snuff, gaming and late hours." Dr. Graham also enjoined early hours, widely open windows by day and night, and abundant use of cold water to the person. If such a regimen be hydropathic, Capt. Lukis's reader may see "the system" at work without travelling to Yorkshire. It has been adopted with astounding success in a metropolitan institution which certainly was not established for the purpose of illustrating the truth of hydropathic principles, however much its name would countenance a contrary opinion. We allude to Cold Bath Fields Prison, the late Governor of which establishment has

borne testimony to the improvement of physical condition which usually manifests itself in prisoners who, previous to incarceration, have led dissipated lives. If to the prison arrangements the advantages of cheerful society and diversions could be added, that great receptacle of evil-doers would rank high as a home for invalids.

When Capt. Lukis compares Priessnitz with Jenner, and speaks of the discovery of the remedial power of water as an affair of recent date, he merely excites laughter and shows his ignorance of books. Hydropathy was a fashionable remedy at Rome in the days of Pliny the naturalist; and from that time physicians have, more or less, had recourse to water as an agent in their art. In England, the water treatment was made matter of general discussion by the Rev. John Hancocke, D.D., rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and prebendary of Canterbury, who published in 1723 his 'Febrifugum Magnum; or, Common Water the best Cure for Fevers, and probably for the Plague.' On other subjects Capt. Lukis raises a smile. We should like to have full particulars about the poor lady done to death with mercury, of whom he says,—"I have lately heard of a lady who had taken so much calomel that her wedding-ring literally crumbled from her finger. I need not say she was soon after crumbling in her grave." We should also like to know in what quarter of the town "the steady old practitioner, with a white neckcloth and a gold-headed cane," is carrying on business. A living doctor visiting his patients with such an emblem of his office would be even a greater curiosity than Radcliffe's gold-headed cane preserved in the College of Physicians.

If men only required bodily health, there would be fewer dyspeptic patients knocking at the doors of water-establishments. But for a large number mere health is not a sufficient source of sensuous enjoyment. They wish for health of course, but only as a means to an end,—the end being, that they may enjoy good eating, liberal drinking, and sundry other pleasures. When prolonged indulgence has "hit" such men, they wisely have recourse to that kind of abstinence which Capt. Lukis calls "the hydropathic system." If they have recourse to it in a water-doctor's establishment, the beneficial results of a healthy life are not seldom set down to a needless use of water. But when the cure has been effected, such patients ordinarily return to their "little indulgences," without which health would be worthless and life unendurable;—the former being, in their eyes, only a requisite condition for luxurious existence; the latter being comparatively valueless when set in opposition to a gratification of the nerves. "They say," says "the Swell," in a very excellent little drama, puffing his cigar, "that smoking shortens life, Charley. I like it all the better for it, Charley." The moral of Capt. Lukis's volume will be thrown away on Charley's friend.

Religious Orders. By the Author of 'Eastern Hospitals.' (Burns & Lambert.)

In the English Church it is no novelty to find women of all grades giving up their lives to promote the welfare, both spiritual and bodily, of their fellow-creatures; and such work as this has always been carried on, more or less, under some kind of regulation—whether it has been simply under the guidance and direction of the parochial clergy, or in accordance with the more defined rules of the Protestant sisterhood, or of the order of Deaconesses more lately established in England. Some may think that the old and

well-tryed plan adopted by the Church of England since the Reformation has both answered its purpose and been a bright spot in its system. Others may liken a growing revival of the more defined rules to the "shaking of the dry bones." In either case, any information on the subject is desirable, especially where apparent errors are to be detected.

The work under consideration professes to give "sketches of some of the orders and congregations of women" in the Church of Rome, from the time of St. Augustine. The author selects sixteen out of a great number, all of which are said to have drawn up their rules from his model; and it would have been well if there had been no divergence from his first rule,—“Above all things, my dearest sisters, love God and then your neighbour, for these are the two great commandments principally given to us.” The rest of his rules are, more or less, amplifications of his first—such as the one on "Union and Mutual Charity," on "Poverty," on "Prayer," on "Chastity," on "Humility." There are other rules with regard to a uniform dress, care of the sick, and obedience to a superior. These rules were simple enough; but "as time went on, bringing various wants and an increase of subjects, it was necessary to have more defined rules, which, as statutes or constitutions, were grafted into the Rule of St. Augustine." Doubtless it was an evil day for the various societies when this necessity arose; but, nevertheless, some good may be derived from an observation of these mistaken principles.

The first orders mentioned in this work are the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, who are supposed to trace their origin to St. James of Jerusalem. The object of their lives, as well as those of St. John of Jerusalem and the nuns of the Order of Mount Carmel, appears to have been religious contemplation. Theirs was a holy object certainly, and no doubt they numbered amongst them many women of holy lives. Yet the contemplative life of the Clares Colletines, as well as the Order of Perpetual Adoration, seems to be defective in their want of a more prominent attention to that great rule, that we should love our neighbours as ourselves. Who, indeed, could censure devotion to prayer? But when the rule is to spend so much time in solitary meditation and prayer, to keep perpetual abstinence, and fast the greater part of the year, it would seem that the needful attention could not be bestowed on more important duties; and although this may be done, yet that the other must be left undone. For these reasons, such societies possess less claim for our regard. But in particular cases they were, no doubt, most welcome to individuals. Such was the case with Mille de Condé, aunt to the Duc d'Enghien; to her it was a retreat and a refuge in the troublous times of the French Revolution, when she became a member of a religious order.

We find in this work a list of the different objects which the orders have in view. There are thirty-six which are called "Contemplative Communities," and two hundred and ninety-four "Active Communities." But nearly half of the work concerns the "Contemplative Communities," so that we have but small opportunity of judging of the merits of the more practical division of the subject. In the rules for the Order of the Visitation are some that the delicate tact of our modern English ladies has put into practice in many hospitals and infirmaries: such as, "To take care that the rooms be neat, clean and nicely ornamented with pictures, green leaves and flowers, according as the season shall permit";—"To bear with the fancies, distresses, ill-humour, poor sick people often

derive from their maladies." The Order of the Good Shepherd, again, is one which has for its object especially the rescue of women who have been leading an evil life. The originator of the society was Père Eudes, who had taken a house where some of these poor creatures were received, and a number of charitable ladies undertook its guidance. His experience may be of use to the many institutions of a like sort which have lately sprung up amongst ourselves. It appears that "the task was found too arduous for secular persons, and the inspiration entered Père Eudes' mind to found an order of women who would devote themselves to the task of seeking the lost sheep of their Master's flock." The writer goes on to say—and it seems like a transcript of some of our own reports of like societies,—“It is always the same story. Of course, its beginning was slow and feeble; of course, it met with opposition, with calumny, with fiery trials. It was God's work, and the Devil hated it. We may say he hated it with a peculiar hatred; for worse to him than the Carmelites' penance, worse than the Sister of Charity with her orphan children, were they who would go fearlessly into his own domain, to snatch away his prey, to snatch away those whom even the world calls lost, whom even the world scorns and loathes and turns from, but whom He does not despise.” The writer proceeds to speak of a plan adopted by this society, which was sensible and praiseworthy—namely, that before entering the community, the members should make a solemn retreat for a short time, to consider seriously before God the further engagement they were to undertake. It appears that there are two houses of this order in England, two in Ireland, and one in Scotland. There is also a house of this order at Vienna, in which prisoners are received. But it would seem that the office of gaoler is rather beyond the power of these good women. More appropriate is that of rescuing slaves sold at Tripoli, or receiving Indian children at Bangalore, and rescuing them from idolatry. However, their chief duty is one which will commend itself to every thoughtful mind in their care of the reformatories. Their duties are more active than contemplative; for "they have no austerities or long fasts. Truly, they need it not; their life is one in which they find the cross, but in it they also find consolation." Another order, that of the Sacred Heart, as well as that of Ste. Clothilde, is employed in the education of young ladies, and is of late foundation.

But the community which will ensure the chief amount of interest is that of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. The first object of the founder was to provide missionaries to the more desolate places within the bounds of the Church of France. He extended his work to the Hôtel-Dieu, the largest hospital in Paris. He formed a confraternity of Ladies of Charity, who were to visit and relieve the poor. He also founded a hospital for the aged, as well as for forsaken children. His chief attention was bestowed upon the Sisters of Charity. And here our book gives some useful information:—"He saw that the charity of ladies living in the world at that time was necessarily of a limited nature. They could give money; but time and personal help were often beyond their power. Often, when they were intending to go and visit a poor woman, some home-call interrupted them, and they sent their alms by their servants. The servants were not of their mistresses' mind; they did not like climbing into wretched attics, and groping about amid dirt and misery, and thus neglect and rough words were often the portion of the poor. Now it dawned on St. Vincent's mind

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whether it were not possible to have a class of servants to do this work only for the ladies, and who, being hired for that service, would not be likely to grumble at or neglect it." Hence sprung the Sisters of Charity. The first was a peasant girl whom he met with in a distant province where he had gone to give a mission. In a short time the number of these "good servants of the poor" increased, and were established in different parishes under the orders of the Ladies of Charity. He taught them that "it is not necessary to be shut up in a cloister to acquire the perfection God asks from you." Their labours, indeed, were not confined to Paris, for the author tells us of some of their number being sent for by the Queen of Poland to nurse the soldiers.

In due time they formed a distinct body from the Ladies of Charity, and were called "Sisters of Charity, Servants of the Sick Poor." The streets of the city, the houses of the sick, were their cloisters; hired rooms, their cells; their parish church, their chapel. As for their dress, it was only the ordinary dress of peasant women; so little remarkable were they, so much at everybody's beck and call, that they were rather looked down upon. Eventually this small body of women increased, and were scattered throughout France, as well as in many foreign countries in attendance upon the army—their peasant costume became a religious dress, and the Order once despised and little noticed was held now in much esteem.

One secret of their success seems to have been the absence of any affectation or peculiarity on their part. They wore the ordinary dress of the period, and conformed to the usages of society. An amusing instance of this aptness, if it may be so called, on their part is given in an account of several Sisters being met by the mob carrying food to the poor during a revolution. "They were stopped and told that if they were good *citoyennes* they must dance."—"Very well," they answered, with that ready wit, the inheritance of French women, "we will dance with all our hearts; but do not let us forget the poor";—and the ruffians, laughing, let them pass.

While, however, this little work contains much that is valuable in the history of religious orders of women, much space is occupied with the personal history of the founders and members of the various societies, and mixed up with this, as might be expected from a Roman Catholic writer, are also a great number of vague and unfounded traditions and legends. Upon reading it, we cannot but feel that there is, in our own time, a repetition or continuance of the same holy and good intentions for the welfare of our fellow-men, and that the movement is not entirely confined to members of the Roman Church. We have, however, still much to learn, and this little book (allowing for its peculiarities of opinion) gives us, without doubt, many useful hints; and even Protestant ladies who are desirous "to spend their lives in consoling, enlightening and aiding others" may find much that is interesting and instructive in the lives of these pious and devoted women of the olden time.

The Earls of Kildare, and their Ancestors, from 1057 to 1773. By the Marquis of Kildare. Addenda. (Dublin, Hodges, Smith & Co.)

The Marquis of Kildare has entered on very easy terms into the list of Royal and Noble Authors. The skill of a clerk is the only literary skill displayed in the composition of this present volume. If the first instalment of 'The Earls of Kildare' was a stiff piece of reading, not to be taken up in a light humour, not to be laid down in a cheery one, the mass of

addenda to it presents to the student of Irish history a yet more wearisome and repulsive task.

When Lord Kildare put forth his former volume on his ancestors, he was soon made aware of his defects and omissions. That book was a compilation from many other books, some of them of inferior quality and authority. The State Papers had been overlooked, as well as most of the really good works of modern family history from which accurate information as to the past life of the Geraldines might have been drawn. When the fault was shown to him, Lord Kildare began to see his course aright. He opened other books; he got some one to read the Council Register; he had the State Papers overhauled. When he found a Fitzgerald mentioned in a book or paper, he copied the passage, and arranged his copies in the order of their dates. So far so good. A Gibbon or a Grote could have done no more. A body of materials grew under his pen,—materials which, if wisely used, would have enlarged and improved his book, at least as to dates and facts; so that Lord Kildare was then in a position, for the first time, to begin his literary labours. He had quarried his stone; he had next to build his house.

Unhappily, Lord Kildare imagined that when his stone was gathered, his house was built—when his extracts were copied, his book was written. Instead of correcting his errors and expanding his narrative, he merely sent his extracts to press; so that in place of one book of shreds and patches, we have now two books of shreds and patches; books with no continuity, no story, no life, no style. As to any sense of the romantic and pictorial character of his theme, the copyist and compiler shows no trace. In the eight hundred pages there is not a single bright passage,—scarcely, indeed, an anecdote. The following rather good story is copied from a recent book:—

"In 1741, the Earl of Rosse, a dissipated man, being on his death-bed, the Dean of Kilmore thought it his duty to write him a letter, exhorting him to repent. When the Earl had read the letter, he ordered it to be put in another cover and directed to the Earl of Kildare, and persuaded the Dean's servant to take it to its address. The Earl of Kildare having read it with surprise and indignation, showed it to the Countess, saying that the Dean must be mad. She, equally amazed, remarked that it was not written in the style of a madman, and advised her husband to speak to the Archbishop of Dublin on the subject. The Earl accordingly ordered his coach, went to the Palace, and accosted the Archbishop thus:—'Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gamester, a rioter, and everything that is base and infamous?'—'You, my Lord,' replied the Archbishop, 'every one knows that you are a pattern of humility, godliness and virtue.'—'Well, then, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?'—'Surely no man in his senses, that knew your Lordship, would presume to do it; and if a clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual courts.' Upon this the Earl delivered to him the letter, saying that it had been brought that morning by the Dean's servant. The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who at once obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room the Archbishop asked the Earl to go into an adjoining one, while he spoke to the Dean. When the latter entered, his Grace asked if he had written that letter; and when he admitted it, reproached him for sending such a letter to so respected a nobleman. But he replied that he had only done his duty, and was ready to abide the consequences. He then retired with some emotion, leaving the Archbishop and the Earl as much in the dark as ever. The latter sent at once for a Proctor of the Spiritual Court, and commit-

ting the letter to him, directed that proceedings should be taken against the Dean. The next day, the Archbishop, knowing how ruinous it would be to the Dean to enter on a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and advised him to ask the Earl's pardon. 'Ask his pardon! why the man is dead.'—'Lord Kildare dead?'—'No, Lord Rosse.'—'Did you not send a letter to Lord Kildare yesterday?'—'No, I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rosse, who was given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him as I did.' Upon examining the servant, the whole matter was explained, and the only sufferer was the poor footman, who lost his place."

Lord Kildare, we must remark, has withdrawn his assertion that Gerald Fitz Walter was the eldest son of Walter Fitz Otho. We pointed out the mistake, and suggested an inquiry into the facts. There has apparently been no special inquiry; but as the statement was challenged, Lord Kildare has withdrawn it, merely remarking that "the seniority of Walter's three sons has been a matter of dispute." This is not very satisfactory. The Geraldines profess to come from Walter Fitz Otho; but the descent is not made out beyond reach of cavil, and it would certainly have been well for Lord Kildare, while writing on his pedigree, to have made the foundations of his family firm and sure.

Reca Garland. By Keith Home. 2 vols. (Newby.)

THE author begins by bearing rather hardly on English ladies in London, and "the woman-kind who (as he says) are the chief readers of this description of work," by calling a London ball-room "the home of *uninnocent* smiles and female vanity." This is, for the most part, a popular cry amongst a certain class of people whose particular conceit and vanity have not been acceptable in such a sphere; and if it answers its purpose as a catchpenny cry, then it may be taken for what it is worth. However, the hero of this part of the story, Rupert Osborne, is a man who has had his turn of balls and the gaiety of London, and has become *blasé*, as the novels call it. Therefore he takes a tour; and when he arrives at the top of the Righi, he forgets "the modified drawl which belongs to a London man," learns to appreciate a basin of milk, listens with pleasure to the echoes of the rude horn, notwithstanding his experience of the cooking oracles of Tyburnia and the beauties of Giuglini's voice; and he becomes rather smitten with a Miss Tamar. Not that Miss Tamar reciprocates his admiration immediately, for she is not altogether satisfied as to whether, or not, he belongs to what she calls by a rather equivocal term, "the demi-monde"; and that would never do for one who is even scandalized at her relative, Lord Sillermouth, "going into the City." This leads to inquiries as to who Rupert Osborne is; and it appears that he is the son of a worthy and respectable man who is solicitor to Lord Sillermouth, and is also appointed in the same capacity to a bank of deposit. Every vice and every imposition furnish materials for a tale now-a-days, and supply food for certain minds; and it depends, in a great measure, upon the reader as to the moral that is drawn from them. Mercantile frauds are not behind in the race, and therefore a bank of deposit may occupy a conspicuous position. There is a Sir Beauchamp Stanwell, who has a son, Major Dennis Stanwell, the rogue of the story. Sir Beauchamp is a country squire, and his neighbour and enemy is Grantham Garland. Of course, Garland's son Ned marries Sir Beauchamp's daughter Kate. They go to Australia, are

ignored by their families, they die and leave an adopted child who is called Rea Garland. She, being the heroine, has 10,000*l.*, with which Dennis Stanwell, who is her trustee, speculates in the establishment of the Great Hemisphere Bank. As for his description of the manner in which the bank is established, the writer speaks as feelingly as if he had taken his account from a report in the Court of Bankruptcy. After recounting the various large sums which were said to be subscribed, he says, "And although of all these various sums only ten per cent. was paid up, they got a nominal capital together and commenced advertising the public that they were ready to take any amount of money on deposit, and allow them five per cent. interest. The notices were signed 'Rawson Nalor,' and the public flocked in with their cash, and things appeared in a flourishing condition." Lord Sillermouth is made chairman; careful old Osborne is made solicitor, his son Rupert provisional secretary; various other minor characters take their parts, and Major Dennis Stanwell is the arch-impostor. His adopted niece and ward, Rea Garland, is no very estimable character in any respect. "Unlike most girls who are a little disposed to be plain, she was disliked by her own sex, partly because she had none of that quality which goes by the name of *bon-homie* with men, partly because she was so universally admired by the latter." Further on, the writer in speaking of Rea may be supposed to write of that with which he is most conversant, for he says "she was before her age, and took that tone of fast life which now distinguishes our modern London girls; a tone which palterers with modesty, knows who the woman is that canters so gaily down the Row, and sees vice rampant without a blush."

A multitude of characters are brought upon the stage, and amongst them is a New Zealand settler and his son, the offspring of a native New Zealand mother. One recommendation of the latter is, that he had "never been influenced by traditional religion, but had that rare quality, a mind in which the dictates of honour had been studiously engrafted by an English gentleman, without a tinge of the fanaticism which too often spoils the boy from Oxford." It is not of any great consequence as regards the plot of the story that this same English gentleman, who had so wisely and philosophically trained his half-caste son, was thought to be an ex-convict.

The style of these two volumes may be inferred from the rather contemptuous way in which the author speaks of his readers, and from the characters of the heroine and the New Zealand settler. Most stories of the kind end with the marriages of the several characters in the book. And so does this story, but a little more. The frauds of the Bank are eventually exposed, and the heroine marries three times. Her second marriage is brought about by the assistance of Sir Cresswell Cresswell. She becomes a widow, marries her third husband, "leaves off whitebait and takes to tracts." "So Rea Garland got a character for piety, and followed after Simkins and other religious lights in a very remarkable manner."

There is no doubt that the tale, although rather complicated, is cleverly told, and proportionately amusing as well as edifying to such readers as the author expects to attract.

The Chinese Classics: with a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes, Prolegomena and Copious Indexes. By James Legge, D.D. Vols. I. and II. (Hongkong, at the Author's; London, Trübner & Co.)

Twenty-three years ago, Dr. Legge arrived in

the East as a missionary, and was for a considerable time stationed at Malacca, on the Malay peninsula. He had already studied Chinese, but was determined to perfect himself in the literature, and at once assailed the Confucian Analects. Being in charge of the Anglo-Chinese College with its admirable library, translations and dictionaries were of easy access; and, while exploring the works of others, he conceived a plan of his own. So far as these two volumes go, he has honestly, diligently and ably worked it out, aided in the costly matter of publishing by Mr. Joseph Jardine, since deceased, to whose memory the book is dedicated. The seven volumes, we are frankly told, may possibly count as ten, and are to include the Five King or Canonical works, the Four Books, and perhaps, others of the King, thus exhibiting upon what substance the Chinese mind has for so many centuries sustained itself. This scheme is comprehensive, and the result, so far, does honour to Dr. Legge. At all events, we shall have, if the author's task be concluded, the classics of China before us, in systematic arrangement, translated, annotated, and, in parts, simplified from the original idiom, if "idiom" be a term applicable to the unique and marvellous language of China. With regard to the authenticity of the works opinions must still remain divided. After the great literary arson which it is recorded was perpetrated two hundred years before the Christian era, what hope was there of restoring in its completeness the Confucian literature? Of the slips and tablets collected, many, in all likelihood, were spurious. Confessedly, the tablets were mutilated and in disorder. No wonder—when the Emperor, whom none had ever excelled in "awful virtue," killed the scholars when he burned the books, buried them alive in pits, slew their relatives, and, in special instances of leniency, ordered them to be "branded and sent to labour on the walls for four years." Dr. Legge, however, rejects the idea of forgery on a grand scale. To be sure, only eleven years are supposed to have elapsed between the incendiary edict and its revocation. He states his view briefly, and adds, "From all these considerations, we may proceed with confidence to consider each separate work, believing that we have in these Classics and Books what the great sage of China and his disciples gave to their country more than two thousand years ago." There is much, at any rate, in these volumes, blackened though they be by Chinese characters, and weighted with elaborate annotation, which ought to interest all readers except the merely frivolous. And many of the axioms in the Analects are curiosities, so quaint is the paradox implied. Thus, "It is better to be mean than to be insubordinate,"—which is a thoroughbred Orientalism. From the practice of Confucius himself, too, we gather some strange articles of proprieties:—to be free with inferiors, and bland with superiors,—to spread our arms like the wings of a bird when approaching a great man,—to tremble and look apprehensive when we pass a prince,—to wear no purple,—not to speak in bed or at dinner,—not to lie like a corpse when asleep, nor to change countenance at a clap of thunder (which some of us cannot help doing). As for Mencius, he was a politician of a different stamp; he held that, in a State, the people were of more consequence than the sovereign—that bad rulers might be dethroned or slain—and that the learned ought to live at the expense of the wealthy, which is a doctrine of inestimable value. But he says, "The relation between superiors and inferiors is like that between the wind and the grass. The grass must bend when the wind blows

upon it." But he agreed with Confucius—that other modern—in thinking the ancients considerably underrated by the past generation around them—by the "good, careful men of the villages,"—equivalent, perhaps, to those of our own era who are always noisily announcing themselves as practical—who said, "Born in this age, we should be of this age." Why, said Confucius, "these are the very thieves of virtue." So they are, was the corroboration of Mencius. "They agree with the current customs. They consent with an impure age. Their principles have a semblance of right-heartedness and truth. Their conduct has a semblance of disinterestedness and purity. All men are pleased with them, and they think themselves right, so that it is impossible to proceed with them to the principles of Yaon and Shun." Whereupon, a Confucian echo from the tomb thus concurs with Mencius: "I hate a semblance which is not a reality. I hate the darnel, lest it be confounded with the corn. I hate glib-tonguedness, lest it be confounded with righteousness. I hate the music of Ching, lest it be confounded with the true music. I hate the reddish blue, lest it be confounded with the vermilion. I hate your good, careful men of the villages, lest they be confounded with the truly virtuous." Much wisdom, much morality, and not a little sarcasm, dwell in these oracles of Old China.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Heart Melodies. Three Hundred and Sixty-five new Hymns and Psalms for Public Worship on Domestic Use. By Henry Bateman. (Snow).—Mr. Bateman contributes to our devotional literature as many hymns or psalms as there are days in the year. Such an addition, we fancy, even if its merits were great, would only produce an *embarras des richesses*. There is, perhaps, no form of composition in which novelty is less requisite than in the hymn. An excellent poem of this kind, though doubtless sure of its place at last, will force rather than find it. Nor is this a difficulty of which we should complain. Strains of worship and supplication are meant to express the settled feelings of masses, and, having once fulfilled that condition, become endeared by time and custom. When men approach their Maker, the sounds that have been upon their lips in childhood and upon the lips of their fathers take a new pathos from that very recollection; and thus familiarity itself becomes an added sanctity. Setting aside our version of the Psalms of David, it is curious to remark how few hymns dwell upon the memory, and how frequently they are recurring to in worship. In our own country, the best compositions of Watts, Cowper, Newton of Olney, the Wesleys, Bishop Heber and James Montgomery exemplify and almost exhaust the class we refer to. Expressing fervent emotion through vivid and broad symbols and appropriate rhythm, all these hymns possess the one essential—an appeal to popular apprehension and sympathy. It is in this latter particular that Mr. Bateman fails. His 'Heart Melodies' are very creditable for their devotional feeling, careful execution and variety of subject, but they want fire. They do not speak to the heart through the eye, nor greatly through the movement of the verse.

Flowers from the Glen: the Poetical Remains of James Waddington, of Saltair. Edited by Eliza Craven Green. (Bradford, Byles & Holroyd).—These Remains have been collected by a countrywoman of the author, and come to us heralded by graceful tributes of sympathy from herself and other local admirers. A kindly spirit and a deep love of nature pervade the poems, which, regarded as the work of a self-educated man, show sufficient expression and melody to justify the interest that would perpetuate them in the writer's neighbourhood. The following sonnet is a fair example of the book:—

MORNING.

The clouds are rosy in the sunrise day,
And the far-ebbing tide this morn is down,
Leaving the spreading sands all bare and brown,

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Or wrapped in mists low-lying, dim and gray.
The giant guardians circling round the bay,
Wear yet their nightly cowl; but lo, the sun
Touches with gold the sands so damp and dun,
And Ocean laughs in sunshine far away!
The seagulls wheel athwart the rosy beam,
And curve their wings above the tawny strand.
All round, the alp-like clouds are glistening bright,
And throw across the deep long lines of light,—
Making a picture fair as poet's dream,
Or some sweet fairy bay in Wonderland!

—Such lines as these may at least be read with pleasure. The affection and repute which their author gained in his own country suggest that a refining influence may often be exerted by provincial minstrels, whose strains would fall unheeded in the capital.

The Lyrical and other Minor Poems of Robert Story. (Longman & Co.)—*Papers of an Undergraduate.* By William Threikold Edwards. (Hamilton & Co.)—These are also posthumous works. Mr. Story's poems are of similar, though inferior, merit to that of the volume last noticed. The writer obtained some flattering encouragement from men of eminence, and several of his political songs were popular in their day. In these and other specimens we find a music and a fervour which partly redeem much commonplace sentiment; but we cannot share the sanguine belief expressed by the biographer of Mr. Story, that "many of his lyrical compositions will descend to posterity." The 'Papers of an Undergraduate,' while containing some graceful verses and intelligent criticism, is chiefly interesting as a token of what their author might have accomplished with more developed powers.

Romance of the Gold and Silver Lock; and Other Poems. By the Hon. Catharine Harriet Maynard. (Kerby & Son.)—In the Preface, the writer observes of her effusions,—"If the reader is only half as much wearied as I was in the writing, I wish him well through them." There is so much benevolent intention on the lady's part, that we regret to find her apprehensive estimate of her poems confirmed, and to acknowledge that her self-criticism is as just as it is candid. From an apostrophe to Infancy we extract this fragment:—

Oh! happiest age,
If love rule thy birth;
A spirit of heaven,
Scarce tainted by earth.
Without deeming why
All beholding love thee;
A mystery of God
Is sweet Infancy.
Is it a part
Of Divine grace above?
Of innocence, purity,
Joy and love?
Is this the cause
Charms the callous unknown?
A ray of light
From God's mercy-seat shown?

—There are many such stanzas in this little volume; and it cannot be denied that the perusal of them would be some test of patience.

The Poems, Songs, and Ballads of Joseph Skipsey. (Hamilton & Co.)—These poems are led off by the story of Potiphar's Wife done into blank verse—the blandishments of the wanton, perhaps unavoidably, being made far more prominent than the uprightness of the virtuous Hebrew. The legend of Balder is once more treated in the poem that follows. Mr. Skipsey shows some vigour of expression, but he is too often turgid and ambitious. Such phrases as "trial-batched despair," "the woe-inflicting fire-brands of remorse," "eyes like burnished chandeliers in crystal halls," denote not strength, but inflation, and will certainly be abandoned by Mr. Skipsey should he ever gain the secret of true power.

Shadow and Substance; and Other Poems. By Robert Ripley. (Manchester, Heywood.)—Like Mr. Skipsey's effusions, these poems betray much extravagance of diction, but in the direction of mystery rather than of violence. There is a vagueness of purpose and utterance throughout the book, which has too many descriptions of this kind:—

Night following as a weird and mighty Seer,
Who holds within his bosom vision'd realms
Of summering atmospheres beyond the tomb.

In the poem called 'Phases of a Life,' founded upon the story of the Scottish Wallace, we have

at times a little more directness. The following picture of an oppressed people gathering to battle is painted with spirit and truth of detail:—

And lo! when night
Shrunk, as the streamers shot o'er eastern bar,
Thro' melting wreaths of darkness slowly rode
A mighty concourse tow'rd the breaking morn.
A human river fed from every glen
Where shaggy fens crevice moved with dread,
And sniff'd their danger on the rising wind:
From solitary tower on heathy moor,
Where midnight heard the clang of foray arms;
From sky-crown'd cliffs that with an iron belt
Girdled the ruinous dells, where nothing moved
Save the fierce storm, the silent stars above,
The cloud, and sorrow, and the forms of sorrow.
And onward moved they like the summer light,
Leaving a joy behind.

Here Mr. Ripley's subject now and then compels him to be in earnest, and, instead of seeking phrases for their mere sound and colour, he seeks them for the sake of the ideas which give words their vitality and their charm.

Angel Calls; and Other Poems. By J. A. Barry. (Dublin, White)—may have some interest for the psychologist, as showing the extremes to which self-delusion may be carried. Here is a specimen of elegiac pathos:—

There's the sound of wail
In the home now, where
A short time since there
Was heard only
The notes of mirth;
And around its hearth
Every one feels
Sad and lonely:
For the Angel of Death
Has flitted by,
And from thence on high
With him has taken
The one who, tho'
Most fit to go,
Delight therein
Could best awaken.

These lines have been seriously written to express the solemnities of grief and death!

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by George Long. (Bell & Daldy.)—The work which Mr. Long here introduces to English readers deserves to be studied, both as a practical representation of the operation of Stoical principles among the ancient Romans, and on account of the permanent value of many of the observations. It is interesting from the view it gives us of the inquiries and struggles of a cultivated and thoughtful mind not under the influence of Christianity, while it contains principles and precepts which all, whether Christians or not, in this or any other age or country, may advantageously dwell upon and reduce to practice. Few, if any, could read it without being made wiser and better. Mr. Long tells us he translated it for his own use, because he found it worth the labour; and he now publishes his translation in the hope that it may be useful to others also. Better known under the title of 'The Emperor's Meditations,' it consists of his private reflections and recollections of the sayings of philosophers, committed to writing as they occurred to him, without any close connexion or any other apparent purpose than to serve for his own perusal. On account of the corruption of some passages and the obscurity of others, Mr. Long does not feel certain that he has in all cases hit the exact meaning of the original Greek; but he has no doubt of his correctness in general, even where at first sight he may seem to be wrong, or other translators may differ from him. He has prefixed an interesting account of the life and philosophy of Antoninus. In treating of the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor, which forms the chief blemish in his character, Mr. Long subjects the accounts to severe scrutiny, and complains, not without reason, that portions of some of them are invariably suppressed, because, if quoted, they would weaken the authority of the rest. Acting upon a more honest principle himself, he declines to make any use of documents which, if genuine, would exonerate Antoninus from blame. At the same time, he denies that there is any evidence sufficient to prove that the Emperor was an active persecutor, though he admits and endeavours to account for his hostile feeling towards the Christians.

The Student's Handbook of Comparative Grammar, applied to the Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin,

Gothic, Anglo-Saxon and English Languages. By the Rev. T. Clark, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—That the comparison of languages is indispensable to the intelligent study of any, and still more to a perception of the laws of language in general, has been admitted. Yet, up to the present time, no systematic work on comparative grammar has appeared conveying sufficient information for practical purposes within convenient limits. Bopp's 'Vergleichende Grammatik,' though translated into English, is too extensive for many to whom, whether as teachers or learners of the classical languages, some acquaintance with the subject would be of the greatest advantage. Mr. Clark has, therefore, laid all such persons under a great obligation by setting before them the most valuable materials of that great work in a compact form, well adapted either to serve as an introduction to the subject, or convey such a knowledge of it as may be useful. He compares the alphabets, sounds and grammar of the Indo-European family of languages, including their roots and stems, the formation of the cases of nouns, the comparison of adjectives, the numerals and pronouns, the inflections of verbs, and derivation and composition of words; pointing out their various coincidences and differences, and illustrating his remarks by numerous tabular lists, which show at a glance the relations between the several languages. Those who may not have turned their attention to this study will be at once surprised and delighted to find what a flood of light it throws upon Latin and Greek, explaining apparent anomalies, clearing up difficulties, and educating law and order out of what, to those unacquainted with it, cannot but appear irregularity and confusion. Mr. Clark deserves the thanks of all who are interested in the study of language, for the masterly way in which he has executed his useful task.

Among our Reprints the first in size, if not in value, is a handsome volume of republished articles in prose and verse, called *Albert the Good: a Nation's Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a truly Virtuous Prince* (Shaw & Co.). It is a reprint from the newspapers, and contains all the important papers written on the deceased Prince by English pens.—Besides this venture, we have before us the *Autobiography of a French Detective*, by M. Canler (Ward & Lock).—Vols. XVIII. and XIX. (1850) of the reprint of *Punch* (Bradbury & Evans).—Vol. I. of *The Exchange* (Low & Co.).—*Woman and her Work: The Needle, its History and Utility*, a Lecture, by Madame Roxey Ann Caplin (Freeman).—and *Macaulay versus Fox: an Inquiry into the Truthfulness of Lord Macaulay's Portraiture of George Fox*, in Two Lectures, by J. S. Rowntree (Bennett). Our New Editions include *The Iron Cousin; or, Mutual Influence*, by Mary Cowden Clarke (Routledge).—*Power's Handbook for Gloucester* (Gloucester, Power).—*Nothing to do; or, the Influence of a Life*, by M. H. (Hamilton).—and Dr. Watson's *Hints to Pedestrians, Practical and Medical* (Bell & Daldy). Vol. XX. of a Translation of M. Thiers's *History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon* (Willis & Sothran) has been published, completing the English version of the work. In Second Editions we have Mr. Wight's *Queensland* (G. Street).—and *Les Girondins: Poème en Douze Chants*, par Théodore Vibert (Paris, Vibert).—in a Third Edition, *Potiorum Silula: Part the First, being Passages for Translation into Latin Elegiac and Heroic Verse*, edited, with Notes, by the Rev. H. A. Holden (Deighton, Bell & Co.).—and in a Fourth Edition, *The Correlation of Physical Forces*, by W. R. Grove (Longman). Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*, edited by Vincent Novello (Novello & Co.).—*Esquisse d'une Description Physique et Géologique de l'Arrondissement de Montbéliard*, par Ch. Coutejean (Williams & Norgate).—*A Manual of Botanical Terms*, by M. Cooke (Hardwicke).—*Biographies of Good Women* (Mozley).—*Handel: a Poem*, by Mr. Perkins (Burt).—Vol. II. of the Rev. Prof. Marks's *Sermons preached on various Occasions at the West London Synagogue of British Jews* (Bennett).—*La Nouvelle Calédonie et ses Habitants, Productions, Mœurs, Cannibalisme*, par le Docteur Victor De Rochas (Paris, Sartorius).—and Vol. II. of *Fun*, may all be announced to their several classes of readers.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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RECENTLY-DISCOVERED COPY OF TYNDALE'S JONAH.

Cotnam, Bristol, Sept. 9, 1862.
 IN your number for February 8, was inserted a letter from Lord Arthur Hervey, informing your readers that he had discovered in his library an original copy of 'The Prophet Jonah,' by William Tyndale, and describing the volume in which it was found. As no copy of this book has hitherto been known, and as no reprint or any portion of Tyndale's version of Jonah has come down to us, I thought it would be interesting to many persons that it should be republished. Having just completed the Reproduction in Fac-simile of the First Testament in English, translated by Tyndale, no doubt printed at Worms, 1525, I suggested the idea to Lord Arthur Hervey, and with the utmost courtesy he placed the volume in my hands for the purpose. The Testament has been printed on paper made to imitate the original; and having some of it left, I have used it for a Reproduction in Accurate Fac-simile, with the Title and Prologue, which will shortly be published in the same style as the Testament. The version of the Prophet which is in the first edition of Tyndale's Bible (as it is called) 1537, edited by John Rogers, is that of Coverdale's Bible of 1535: it has, therefore, been believed by some, either that Tyndale did not translate Jonah, or, if he did, that Coverdale adopted his version. The Prologue first appeared in two editions of the Bible in 1549.

Having been, by the kindness of Lord Arthur Hervey, the first to compare the original Tyndale with Coverdale's version of 1535, it may not be unworthy a little space in your columns to state that the version in the long-lost volume differs widely from that in the first Bible, and therefore there can be no longer any doubt on the subject. I have made a list of above a hundred variations, of which the following are a few:—

JONAH, Chapter I.

Version of Tyndale.	Version of Coverdale.
in so moch yt the shepp was lyke to goo in peces	so that the shippe was in lopyedy of goings in peces.
And the mariners	Then the mayners wer afrayde
that God maye thinke	iff God (happly) will thynke
How is thy centre called & of what nacion art thou?	what countre man art thou and of what nacion.
and sacrificed sacrifices unto the lorde and vowed vowe	doynge sacrifices and makinge vowe unto the Lorde

Chapter II.

And he sayde	and sayed
And he answered me	and he herde me
And all thy waves	yeo all thy waves
& was barred in with erth & was querly side for euer.	and was barred in with earth for euer

They yt obserue vayne vanities	They that holde of vayne vanyties
Hane forsaken him that was mercifull vnto them	Will forsake his mercy
But I will sacrifice vnto the with the voice that sauninge cometh of the lorde	But I will do the sacrifice with the voyce for why? saluation cometh of the Lorde
and he arose	so Ionas arose
ad turned every man from his weked waye	yeo se that every man turne fro his euell waye
and fro doenge wröge in which they were accustomed	and from the wickednesse yt he hath in hondes.
my sayenge when I was yet long yer thou be angre	my sayenge (I praye thee) when I was yet longe sufferinge
of greute mercie	ofgreute kindnesse
now therefore take my life from me for I had leuer dye	and now o LORDE take my life fro me (I beseke thee) for I had rather dye
And the Lorde said unto Ionas	Then sayde the Lorde
And the lorde ordeyned a worme agenset the sprynge of ye morow mornynge	But upö the nexte morow agenset the sprynge of the daye, the LORDE ordered a worme
I am angre a goodes	Yee very angre am I
there is a multitude of people even aboue an hundred thousande	there are aboue an c and xx thousande personnes.

FRANCIS FRY.

TO EACH HIS OWN.

Shelton, Staffs., Sept. 22, 1862.
 I beg that I may be allowed the favour of a few words of explanation in reference to the letter of Prof. Daniel Wilson in your last publication, which seems to invite my reply.

In the first place, I wish to say explicitly that I regret not having referred in my "Note" in the *Natural History Review* to Dr. Wilson's remarks in the *Canadian Journal* of November, 1857, which contain his surmises of what I take to be the rationale of the master. This is a sin of omission, for which I must apologize. It would have been easy to have referred to Dr. Wilson's "idea," and it would, at the same time, have afforded me a confirmatory authority for the view I have taken—a view which, to say the least, craniologists seem not to be prepared to admit. This omission was an oversight, resulting from lapse of memory alone.

The quotation given by Dr. Wilson from my description of the Cædgaed skull in the 'Crania Britannica,' to show that I was cognizant of his previous "hint," must surely prove more than this. For although it was only a "hint" or "idea," as Dr. Wilson justly describes it, yet the quotation itself shows that I recognized him as the enunciator of it. It may be that the reference of the idea to him was not so explicit as it might have been; but it was just the kind of general reference that most writers would have made in the case of a surmise. If, in truth, it were in Dr. Wilson's mind more than an idea, and he was convinced ever since his discovery of the Juniper Green skull in 1851 that the appearance in question was artificial, I had no means of being aware of this, and no knowledge of it whatever, as he had not anywhere published such a "settled conviction." Dr. Wilson is correct in his supposition that his "friendly review notice of Decade III. of the 'Crania Britannica'" in the *Canadian Journal* of March, 1859, had escaped my notice. I was not aware of its existence; and if it contain a further extension of Dr. Wilson's idea, that I am at present wholly ignorant of. Possibly, when Dr. Wilson knows this, it may go far to excuse the omission he complains of. Allowing the greatest weight and importance to Dr. Wilson's previous hints, I believe the theory of the artificial flattening of the occiput is not received, which it certainly might have been, if we were to suppose the date of 1851 as the period of Dr. Wilson's conviction, and that of 1857 as the distinct enunciation of this theory. The fact that it was announced as an idea only, accounts for the small attention it has received, not merely from myself, but from others also. Having experienced much of Dr. Wilson's friendly aid and encouragement in the 'Crania Britannica,'—in truth, it was he who

suggested the title of the book itself—I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say, that nothing could be further from my intention than to do him an injustice.

Secondly, as to my own claims in referring these occipital flattenings to what I believe, with Dr. Wilson, is their true cause. On learning Dr. Wilson's "idea" in 1857 or 1858, I was not at all satisfied. Within a year, I had an opportunity of examining about fifty ancient British skulls in the Bateman Museum for other purposes. I took this occasion to inquire into a peculiarity I had observed before—viz., a flat surface, extending over the posterior parts of the parietals and the upper portion of the occipital—the "parieto-occipital flatness" so often alluded to in the 'Crania Britannica.' I made notes of all the skulls in which this flatness prevailed, and observed that it occurred in *children* as well as adults, and that sometimes it was accompanied with a *posthumous* flattening, with which, however, it did not coincide, but was distinct. Thus it was by taking the parieto-occipital flatness as the basis of my observations—a view wholly new to Dr. Wilson, I believe—that I was led to deduce what I consider to be the true rationale of all these deformations. The next step was the receiving a North American Indian skull, with unsymmetrical parieto-occipital flattening, and the inference that the deformation was, in both cases, owing to the same cause—i.e., nursing on the cradle-board. Then came the difficulty of comprising the parieto-occipital flatness and the ordinarily flattened occiput of Dr. Wilson in the same category, which seems to me to be explained by the shelf on the cradle-board being placed at different angles by different mothers.

I fear the history of such a discovery can be of little interest; but it seems necessary to give it, in order to show that, although I have not the slightest wish to deprive Dr. Wilson of the origin of the "idea," this idea proved of small moment in deducing the view I now entertain. Still, Dr. Wilson is justly entitled to the priority of its enunciation, and also to the credit of having led my mind to investigate the subject, if really and truly his "hint" was present to my mind in the inquiry—a point upon which I am so uncertain as not to be able to give my correct testimony. All I can say is, that I do not know whether I availed myself of this "hint" or not. It seems most probable that I did not, as my investigation commenced from a different point—viz., parieto-occipital flatness. But, whether or not, it seems to me of small import, as I have not the least desire to deny to Dr. Wilson the credit of the priority of the "idea."

Whether the remark in Dr. Gosse's 'Essai sur les Déformations Artificielles du Crâne,' 1855, p. 74, which I have quoted in the "Note," be an indication that the idea had previously occurred to some one else or not, I cannot tell, as he gives no further explanation. Again, in the late Mr. Bateman's 'Ten Years' Diggings,' under the date of discovery, 1851, the year in which Dr. Wilson's attention appears first to have been called to the subject, an ancient British skull is described in these words: "The occiput flattened as if by artificial means during life" (181 T. p. 273). When the observation was made there is now no means of knowing; but it is so pointed as to lead to the query, whether the idea of the true explanation may not have occurred to others as well as to Dr. Wilson, even quite as early as to himself?

Whether Dr. Wilson may still be able to quote me, as he says he has intended to do, as confirming the view he announced, must rest with his own judgment. I do not see any impediment to his doing so. If he shall please to add, that my investigations had a different point of departure, and yet arrived at the same conclusion, I believe he may make me of use in contributing to the establishment of his views.

I trust that there is nothing in the tone or terms of this communication which can be otherwise than agreeable to Dr. Wilson. If there be, let me say beforehand, to prevent a misunderstanding I should deplore, that it was not intended, and that I gladly retract it.

J. BARNARD DAVIS.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

Menaggio, Sept. 1862.

THE high tide of pleasure-tourists has set in for these three weeks past on this most beautiful of lakes. As the steamers sweep up and down it twice a day, we see them send off their boat-loads of grey cloaks and mushroom hats, knickerbockers and alpenstocks, together with their respective wearers and owners, to the busy hotels of our opposite neighbour, Bellagio. Few, if any, of the tribe honour Menaggio with a visit, except such as stop here a few minutes on their way to Lugano; for although our little *locanda* can give a clean bed and decent supper to the unpretentious wayfarer, it dares not expect to compete, even as regards a night's lodging, with the three-course banquets, polyglot speech, billiard-tables and *salons de lecture*, tagged with consequent high prices, of the too-bustling and much-frequented *hôtels* which we respectfully contemplate from our little pebbly beach; for, that Bellagio looks a charming object from the opposite shore, even the most jealous Menaggian must needs confess, although his own pretty little town is far the larger, better paved, better built, and more liveable place of the two; and he cannot for the life of him conceive why all the "fashion" should carry their *marenghi* (the common name for napoleons all through Lombardy and Piedmont) so obstinately over the way.

In truth I must confess to sharing the meditative Menaggian's wonderment at such exclusive preference, and thinking it strange that no inn offering the advantages and disadvantages of such caravanserais should as yet have been set up here to attract travellers. Two or three pretty villas there are on the hill-sides above the town, of which one belongs to the Marquis d'Azeglio; but the whole place, nestling under grand turreted rocks whose summits seem as it were to overflow with the luxuriant vegetation, while, from beneath their shadow, a little wooded promontory with its white church spire juts out into the transparent lake, has an unsophisticated look about it, not to be mistaken.

Then the views, beautiful and picturesque as they are from all these lake-side *Edens*, have, from Menaggio, the advantage of a variety in the distances, which is denied to most of the others. Their contrasts and gradations of tone are unspeakably delightful from the grand, red-grey precipices close at hand, to the velvety dark-green mountain-slopes around Bellagio, the pale, ragged, bare peaks of the Lago di Lecco—as one arm of the Lake of Como is usually called—and the airy purple foldings of the distant ravines in the shore away towards Como. There is scanty standing-room for the little "comune" on the lake-shore, so its principal street slants away up-hill to the church, and the windows and balconies are full of plants in bright-coloured blossom, and the babies on the doorsteps or in the gutters are roundabout and rosy, and squabble in their barbarous Comasque talk with undeniably stout lungs; and there are some civilized-looking little shops, and a great grey stone let into a wall, with a Roman inscription on it, in which I am pretty sure I got a glimpse of the letters *VESPAS*... as I went by, and which still awaits a learned Pickwick to decipher it; and there is, too, a grand *Farmacia* (druggist's), with a dapper "young man" behind its polished counter, who, to my infinite surprise, on being asked for some wafer-leaves (*ostie*), such as are used to wrap unsavoury drugs in previous to the swallowing, placed before us a big pile of church sacrament wafers stamped with a cross and I.H.S., begging us to help ourselves, and not think of payment!

Whoever rambles through Menaggio, either wedged into the daily omnibus carrying eight suffering souls, which starts to meet the steamboat at Porlezza, on the Lake of Lugano, or perched in one of the queer little shabby vehicles with one or more horses, of which several stand on hire for the same excursion—wherever, I say, takes his or her road up the hills behind Menaggio and dips over into the valleys beyond them will enjoy as rich a two-hours' scenery-feast as heart can desire. First, as in the nursery song, we "go up, up, up," for more than an hour, by narrow zigzag roads, cutting the hill-side far above the lake, and at every turn giving a fresh look-out over its lovely waters, deep

blue-green or lilac-shot silver, as they spread wider and wider from the higher vantage-ground glittering away towards the wild rocky shores near Colico. And all the steep slope between the traveller toiling up those paved steep zigzags, and the lake's level deep below, is one mass of many-tinted, waving green; not the monotonous cold green which so often deforms the Swiss landscape, but a southern, golden-streaked maze of vegetation, wild and tame, quivering and dipping in the sunshine, the tame having run out into such luxuriance as to seem wild, and being dashed here and there with points of vivid colour by the pomegranate flowers and crimson autumn vine-leaves, and fat, deep-golden gourds lying among their huge leaves and twining stems.

When the top of the little *col* is reached in somewhere about an "oretta," or little hour, true to our text, we straightway begin to "go down, down, down a!" and here the beauty of the country changes in style, but not in degree. The winding valley runs between two ranges of tall mountainous hills,—*mountains* I suppose they would be called anywhere except where the awful Alps live so nigh them. Of these hills, some are craggy and bare; but the most of them, though majestic in shape, are clothed nearly to the top with rich, low brushwood, the most picturesque mantle your fine-limbed mountain can wear. Between these lies the valley, green and soft, with running streams and knots of trees, and silky little meadows starred with all manner of flowers, as if it were April, yet by no means insipid or monotonous; witness the pretty glimpses of the little Lake of Piano, dark purple and glassy, which the dwellers thereabouts declare to be unfathomable, as indeed it looks, but, like its sister of Como, "very fishy." A bitter cold valley this must be in winter, beautiful though it be; and I heard, indeed, that the lake is generally frozen over in the cold months, and supplies the rich Milanese nobles' ice-houses miles and miles away. The road runs on in a continual succession of short and sinuous ups and downs, along which the anomalous vehicle provided for the public service, a very short, pudgy omnibus, with a broad, open cabriolet in front, goes bumping along at a round pace, with its three scraggy horses and its loquacious driver of the fiery beard and merry blue eye.

The day we formed part of his live cargo, we shared the hard, narrow seats of the omnibus with a burly Menaggian and his pretty dimpled spouse; a smooth-chinned young Englishman on Alpine adventures intent; and a straw-hatted sentimental Milanese, with great, meek black eyes and a guttural accent of the strongest, who, despite the warmth of the day, sat all the way, carefully clasping in his two hot hands a beautiful bunch of the rich-scented lilac cyclamen (here called *panporcino*, which is indeed a literal translation of our English name, sow-bread), fresh gathered from the rocks on which they abound through all this lake country. I suppose the poor flowers were being conveyed as an offering to some distant lady-love, but excess of care had reduced them nearly to a pulp even before we parted company.

Meanwhile, Red-beard, the driver, never ceased for two minutes at a time throwing back over his shoulder at us, his passengers, short phrases of interjectional discourse, which usually had for their subject the glorification of his three gaunt steeds and their unrivalled paces, especially of the foremost and leanest of the three, whom he continually apostrophized in the midst of his other talk by the name of "Moro," or Blackie, though in truth the creature had nothing black about him, but was of a mangy, chestnut colour. "Ha! signori," quoth Red-beard, as we scurried down a little descent, "you wouldn't think it—nobody would—*Avanti, Moro!*—but such beasts as these—above all, my Moro there—*Moro! Birbone!* (rascal)—never ate hay. Two little hours, *Signori!*—*A passo* (walk) *Moro!*—What the devil!—and never a touch of the whip!—*Ah!—Avanti, Moro!*—wonderful beasts!"—And, in truth, in all the changes of pace necessitated by the ups and downs aforesaid, Red-beard used no other than vocal persuasions to his team, which jumbled us over the ground at a very smart pace, despite their hungry looks. Here and

there in this beautiful drive the road passes through a village, nestled in luxuriant fields and gardens, where groups of young women, short-skirted and bare-legged, with white shift sleeves to the elbow, dark-blue bodices, and bright-red handkerchief half thrown over the wide aureole of silver pins at the back of the head, are beating the hemp and shelling out the red-yellow heads of maize on the smooth clay thrashing-floors among the cottages. Water-mills abound in this valley of streams, curtained with vines and gourds, and overhung with balconies rickety enough for the feats of any number of *Sonnambulas*. Handsome faces are by no means rare among the women; goitre is very uncommon, and people and places, notwithstanding their marvellous picturesqueness, have a well-fell, well-to-do air, which adds no little to their charm, to my thinking. Other villages are perched on the woody hill-sides, between which the road winds, one especially, whose grey church stands so nobly on the crown of a sheer face of precipitous cliff, with dark groups of trees around it, that I regret not to find its name in my memory.

So runs the way, till the pale, silvery sheet of the Lake of Lugano opens out in front with the little town of Porlezza, now purified of Austrian *doganieri*, on its shore; and in somewhat more than half an hour, during which time we saw the young Englishman make straight, alpenstock in hand, for the tallest and "stiffest" crag in sight, and the pair of Menaggians sit down to a smoking mess of *risotto*, while the black-eyed Milanese vanished, fasting as I suppose, into sentimental solitude, still hugging the discoloured remains of his *panporcini*,—we wayfarers took boat for Lugano in the little steamer which came leisurely puffing up to the quay.

Th. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mr. Story, the American sculptor, has sold his splendid statues of 'Cleopatra' and 'The African Sibyl' for 3,000 guineas. The fortunate purchaser is Mr. Morrison.

Mr. Samuel Cousins has completed, and the Messrs. Gambart & Co. have published, an engraving of the Royal Family of France in the Temple, which for power of handling and delicacy of finish will probably become a rival of 'Bolton Abbey.' The picture is, perhaps, the masterpiece of Mr. Ward. If other works from the same hand have rival qualities,—if 'The South-Sea Bubble' has more dramatic humour, 'The Fall of Clarendon' more invention in detail, 'The Last Sleep of Argyle' more natural repose,—no picture of the artist can compare with 'The Royal Family in the Temple' for grouping, strong composition, character, dignity and pathos, all combined. It is a picture to make the spectator a partisan. Mr. Cousins has done his work with a due reverence for his original. Happy the collector who obtains an early impression of this fine work!

Under the patronage of the Prince de Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Gen. Daumas, and many other notabilities in England, France and Germany, M. Jules Gérard, the Lion-slayer, will set out, about the end of October, on a journey of exploration into Central Africa. M. Gérard's long sojourn on that continent, and the knowledge he has acquired of the languages of its different peoples and of their habits, will help him much. He proposes to enter the country between Senegal and Sierra Leone, the route being thence through Timbuctoo, Insalá, Goleah, El-Aghout and Algiers. The chief aim in this journey will be to find a spot for the establishment of an independent settlement. This spot will probably be found in the mountainous regions of the interior, between Sierra Leone and the sources of the Niger. The object of the settlement is to extend the relations between Europe and the interior of Africa. The funds for this undertaking are furnished partly by the members of the African Exploration Society—partly by persons who take an interest in geography, in natural sciences, and in the advancement of civilization in Africa.

Dr. Munzinger, one of the Search Expedition, confirms the rumour that Vogel was murdered in

the interior of Africa. It appears that Vogel, leaving Kuka, in January, 1856, reached Borgu, in Wadai, about May. Inquiring for the most powerful protectors, one Germa, a nephew and vizier of the Sultan, was pointed out to him, and with him he took up his quarters. The customary "gelam" was presented to Germa, and all seemed to go smoothly enough. But Germa, having taken a great fancy to Vogel's favourite horse, endeavoured to persuade the owner to present it to the Sultan, in order to obtain it afterwards for himself. This idea Vogel refused to entertain, nor could he be persuaded to sell the animal. Germa thereupon represented to the Sultan that Vogel was bewitching the country, as he wrote with pens without ink (i.e. pencils), and being, besides, a Christian, he was worth little consideration. His death was therefore determined upon. The fifth or sixth day after his arrival, Vogel was called up in the middle of the night, on pretext that the Sultan wished to see him; and no sooner had he stepped outside his hut than he was cut down, his servant sharing the same fate. Germa took possession of the much-coveted horse and all the other property. None of Vogel's papers have as yet been recovered; and the above report, it should be added, was derived from one Mohammed, who arrived at Borgu a few days after Vogel's death.

Mr. A. W. Bennett has in the press an edition of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' illustrated by photographs of the scenery of the poem.

The International Association for the Promotion of Social Science, established at Brussels, began its first annual meeting on Monday last in that city, under the presidency of the Mayor of Brussels. This society has a somewhat larger organization than its English original, having a Department of Literature and Art, as well as Departments of Comparative Legislation, Education, Charity and Public Health, and Political Economy. The Department of Art and Literature undertakes the examination of problems connected with the mission of Art and Literature in modern society, under these three heads:—1. Relation of Art and Literature to the State, to Industry, to Education, &c. 2. The means of developing the influence of Art and of Letters in Society: Public Exhibitions, permanent or periodical, Special Schools of Art, Music, Philosophy, and Literature; Learned Societies, Public Rewards, Theatrical Representations. 3. New processes for the execution or reproduction of works of Art.

A letter from Mr. Fitch gives some additional information concerning the Livingstone Expedition to that stated in the *Athenæum* a few weeks since. Mrs. Livingstone had died of fever: she joined her husband on the Zambesi, just as he reached the coast from his journey up the Shire to the Lake Nyassa; after apparently recovering from one attack of fever, a second followed, and proved fatal, on the 27th of April.

Among the faults which are common to bad writers, and growing upon good ones, is a wrong use of the word *only*. The word is Saxon, ænic, "one-like," and is used, legitimately, by Dryden in the line,—

And, to be loved himself, needs only to be known.

—A careless writer of our own day would have said,—

And, to be loved himself, only needs to be known.

—We do not know that we are always free from this vice ourselves; and we propose the brief jottings which we shall now submit from our contemporaries as hints to our own writers no less than to theirs. There can be no doubt of a flaw in each of these following sentences:—"The booksellers only keep religious works." *Quarterly Review*.—"In the Vatican a student can only obtain access to a MS. by stating its number; but the number is only to be discovered from the Catalogue, which he is not allowed to consult." *Edinburgh Review*.—"The fiction that order and authority in Northern and Central Italy can only be maintained by the aid of a foreign despotism is now exploded."..... "He was only converted two years ago, and within two years he has contrived to put himself in one of the most prominent and picturesque positions

ever imagined."..... "The history of his previous life was certainly not known in a satisfactory manner, for he appears only to have come on board the ship on the 28th of July last, and on the 21st of August he committed the crime for which he was condemned." *Times*.—"Addington has only been the country seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury since 1807." *Post*.—We might multiply examples to a large extent; but a hint on such a subject will be better than a treatise.

Mr. Philip Webb has designed, for Major Gillum, the proprietor, several shops and small houses attached, wherein he has succeeded in showing that without any costliness of character—indeed, in total absence of what is usually styled "decoration,"—much architectural felicity and aptitude of appearance may be obtained. These are in Worship Street, City, and consist of six moderately-sized shops, the single entrances of which are at the side of the windows, that are chamfered off to widen the entrance and space for display of goods, according to a common fashion. The ordinary staring *fascie* above the windows are judiciously kept narrow and subordinated to the roofs of the shop-fronts, which are tiled with common flat tiles, and lean to the walls of the houses at an effective angle. Ventilating openings form a line beneath the narrow *fascie* and blinds, and finish off, elegantly enough, the panes of the window beneath. In place of the ordinary and ugly solid *dados*, which are receptacles for dirt within, obstacles to transmission of light for the kitchens, and recipients of mud exteriorly, an open iron frame occupies the space beneath the show-board. The upper floors show old building cleverly converted: the first row of two in each house comprises two embraced by a discharging arch of brick, with sunk head or tympan within it; the pier, of brick with flat cap of stone, is narrow enough to form a mere mullion between the two lights, leaving them effectually one for use within, and yet by its office not only really strengthening, but absolutely giving the appearance of strength to the house. The party-wall between each shop is run up somewhat above the roofs thereto, coped with stone, and judiciously form another angle than that of the shop-tops. Three windows light the second floors; their sills, of stone, being boldly bevelled and run together, form not only a means of discharging water from their surfaces, an office the common block never effects, but, running together along the whole face of the row of houses, these necessities of construction become, in the truest spirit of good architecture, ornaments of suitable character. A plain cornice, with dentils of bricks and other simple mouldings, forms the wall-plate, whence a high-pitched, flat-tiled roof rises, to be broken in each house by a bold dormer that projects like a hood in front. Minor differences show the taste of the architect, and may be observed on examination. At one angle of the block an elegant but perfectly simple drinking-fountain is placed. The backs of the houses have not been neglected, but display study of serviceableness as well as architectural propriety. In commending these buildings to public notice, we do our duty of pointing out the successful manner in which a modern problem has been solved, i.e., how to combine architectural merit with perfect simplicity of character at no more than the ordinary cost. Mr. Webb has managed this matter.

William J. Stewart, the author of a novel, 'Footsteps behind Him,' wishes us to state that, contrary to the opinion of his critic, that story is by a male, not a female hand.

Herr Eduard Genast, of Weimar, the distinguished actor, has lately published a few volumes of autobiographical memoirs, which contain much that is interesting and instructive, as may well be expected from one whose life and calling brought him in constant contact with the eminent men of the Weimar period. Among other anecdotes, we quote one on the origin of the overture to 'Don Juan,' which may not be generally known, and which is told by the father of Herr Genast, Anton Genast, who was a personal friend of the great composer:—"Already there had been a rehearsal on the stage of 'Don Juan,' but no overture was ready; in the

last rehearsal but one it was still wanting. Guardasoni made the composer serious reproaches, as the opera would now have to be performed without the overture. Mozart, however, appeared entirely unconcerned, and accepted an invitation for supper, on the day before the last and principal rehearsal, from a dignitary of the Church, to which entertainment, also, Bassi, Guardasoni, Wahr, and I were asked. The company were in excellent spirits; our host, who knew how to live, had prepared an exquisite supper, and treated us with still more exquisite Hungarian wines and champagne, of which Mozart, as well as all of us, partook freely. The conversation, mostly in Italian, waxed more and more lively, till a certain heaviness of the tongue became apparent in all but our host; and we separated a little after one o'clock. Director Wahr and I offered to accompany Mozart home; during all the way he sang snatches from 'Don Juan,' always returning to the Champagnerlied. The keen air of an October night and the singing had completely overcome him, when we arrived at his lodgings. Without undressing, he threw himself on the bed and fell asleep at once. We, too, did not enjoy the prospect of trotting to our distant homes—our limbs felt heavy; we sat down on an old sofa, and fell likewise soundly asleep. From our sweet slumbers we were suddenly aroused through powerful sounds, and, when fully awake, were not a little amazed at seeing Mozart busily at work at his desk, on which shone the doubtful light of a gloomy lamp. None of us uttered a word; with deep admiration we listened to the progress of his immortal thoughts. For hours we listened silently, not betraying our presence by sign or sound. After nine o'clock, Mozart jumped up, exclaiming, 'Na, da steht's ja' (Well, there it stands). We followed his example, which filled him with astonishment, in which he called out, 'What the d—; how do you come here?' In our enthusiasm, we kissed his beautiful white hands. He divided the score, and asked us to give it immediately to the four copiers at the office. 'Now we will sleep a little!' said he. In the evening, the copied parts, still partially wet, lay on the desks."

The building, as designed by M. Liandier for the Paris Permanent Universal Exhibition, now in progress, and expected to be open next year, seems to be, in many of its features, a reproduction of the London International Exhibition building of Capt. Fowke. It has a long arcade on its greatest front; the openings, by sinking deeper, have a bolder effect than is given in our own building. The waste of cost upon two similar domes, one of which would have sufficed, is avoided in the new work by having a single dome, nearly 100 feet higher than those at South Kensington, in the centre of the edifice, and of a shape better calculated to display its true altitude than that adopted in our own experiment. In front of this central dome, which is surmounted by a lofty lantern and has angle towers or turrets to set it off, is a porch resembling in some respects, with enrichments, that in the Cromwell-road. Dwarf angle towers, as with us, fill the ends of the building, but they form distinct features of the design, heedfully emphasized. A novel feature consists in the southern polygonal saloon surmounted by a low cupola, whose varying lines aid the effect of the great central dome satisfactorily,—although it is visibly an improvement in architectural character upon that which we have now to finish, by the bold attempt at external decorations in mosaic. The main building is 1,050 feet in length, 130 feet wide, 110 feet to the crown of the roof, which is much flatter in section than our own. On each side are aisles 100 feet wide, and, on the west side, two additional aisles of differing length, to accommodate the whole to the ground occupied; galleries surround the nave, aisles and transept,—which last, of 130 feet wide and the same height, has, at its intersection with the nave, the central dome before referred to. The galleries are to be 25 feet from the ground; the external length of the whole building is 1,315 feet. The saloon is detached in plan from the main structure, but connected by galleries. This last is 222 feet in diameter, 115 feet high, and, with its surrounding gallery, expected to contain not less than 10,000 persons: this saloon is to be employed

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for concerts. As in our own edifice, a machinery-annex, detached, exists. This is 600 feet long and 100 feet wide. Still further reproducing the arrangements of the South Kensington estate, there are to be winter gardens, but to be covered with iron and glass. The cost of the work will be 600,000*l*. The iron-work is British, from Glasgow we believe. It is satisfactory to see that our own economical and mechanical arrangements have been so far accepted in this edifice, which has evidently profited in some respects also by its constructive features.

THE DERBY DAY, by W. P. FRITH, R.A. is NOW ON VIEW at the UPPER GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—Admission, 1*s*, which will also admit to the French Exhibition.

Will shortly Close.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in 'Punch,' is open every day from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Admission, One Shilling.

BEDFORD'S PHOTOGRAPHS of the EAST, taken during the Tour in which, by command, he accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, Constantinople, the Mediterranean, Athens, &c. EXHIBITING by permission, and Names of Subscribers received, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 108, New Bond Street, DAILY, from Ten till dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.

SCIENCE

The Origin and History of the English Language, and of the Early Literature it embodies.
By George P. Marsh. (Low & Co.)

SOME two years ago it was our agreeable duty to report favourably of Mr. Marsh's 'Lectures on the English Language,' which have been everywhere well received. As early as the commencement of last year, they reached a fourth edition, and in the form which they have assumed under the adaptive editorship of Dr. W. Smith, they are likely to occupy a permanent and honourable position in our literature. They consisted of rather miscellaneous and discursive observations on the phenomena of the English language as it now is, its composition, vocabulary, grammatical inflexions, pronunciation, and other collateral points. Those upon which the present volume is based give a more connected and systematic account of the growth of the language, from its origin to the full development of its power and expressiveness in the Elizabethan period. The nature of the subject necessarily leads the author to repeat and refer to parts of his former Lectures, but does not, on the whole, afford equal scope for originality and variety. Still, we continually observe indications of the same faithful and earnest study, the same profound and accurate knowledge of our early writers, the same good sense and independence of thought, and the same general ability of treatment.

As in the former volume, Mr. Marsh strongly and repeatedly insists on the superiority of an acquaintance with the literature of a language over a knowledge of its vocabulary and grammar. And no doubt he is right in the main. The only question is, whether he does not carry a sound principle too far. It may be true enough, in a certain sense, that "A scholar might know by rote every paradigm and every syntactical rule in the completest Greek grammars, every definition in the most voluminous Greek lexicons, and yet fairly be said to have no knowledge of the Greek language at all." But we think few will agree with him when he says that "the student of language who ends with the linguistics of Bopp and Grimm had better never have begun: for grammar has but a value, not a worth; it is a means, not an end; it teaches but half truths, and, except as an introduction to literature and that which literature embodies, it is a melancholy heap of bleached ashes, marrowless bones, and empty oyster-shells." Surely there is exaggeration here. The exercise of mind involved in ac-

quiring a grammatical knowledge of a language is a valuable discipline in itself, irrespective of any practical purpose to which the knowledge may be applied. Mr. Marsh himself makes use of the mixed and heterogeneous nature of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary as a means of information with regard to the origin of the people and language. Elsewhere, too, he points out with great force the conclusions which may be derived from the examination of a language apart from its literature:—

"In investigating the origin of a literature and the relations between it and the tongue which is its vehicle, it is a matter of much interest to ascertain the causes which have determined the character of the language in its earliest individualized form; and we can, not unfrequently, detect the more general influences and their mode of operation as certainly in the speech itself as in historical monuments. When, for example, we find, in following the history of a given tongue, an infusion of new words or idioms of a particular linguistic character, we can generally recognize the source from which they proceeded, with little danger of mistake; and the class of words and combinations so borrowed will often furnish very satisfactory evidence as to the historical or ethnological character of the influences which have been operative in their introduction. If, for example, the vocabulary of trade, and especially of navigation, be foreign in its origin, there is a strong presumption that the people was not originally a commercial one, but that it possessed or elaborated natural products suited to the wants or the tastes of other nations, who were more addicted to traffic and foreign intercourse by sea or land; and that strangers have bestowed a mercantile nomenclature upon those to whom they resorted for purchase or exchange. If the dialect of war be of alien parentage, it is nearly certain that the people has, at some period of its existence, been reduced by conquest and subjected to the sway of another race; or at least that it has learned, by often repulsing foreign invasion, effectually to resist it. If the phraseology of law and of religion be not of native growth, we may be sure that the jurisprudence and the creed of the land have been imposed upon it by immigrant legislators and teachers."

But is it not a fallacy to speak of knowing a language without studying its literature? Is it usual or possible to obtain a true knowledge of the grammar and vocabulary except through the medium of the literature? Mr. Marsh furnishes us with an apt reply. After remarking that the benefit conferred upon a language by great writers consists not so much in the addition of new words as in the expression of national sentiments by means of idiomatic and happy phrases, he thus continues:—

"In connexion with this point, I may, without departing too far from our subject, notice a widely diffused error which it may be hoped the lexicographical criticism of the present day may dispel. I refer to the opinion that words, individually, and irrespectively of syntactical relations and of phraseological combination, have one or more inherent, fixed, and limited meanings which are capable of logical definition, and of expression in other descriptive terms of the same language. This may be true of artificial words—that is, words invented for, or conventionally appropriated to, the expression of arbitrary distinctions and technical notions in science or its practical applications—and also of the names of material objects and of the sensuous qualities of things; but of the vocabulary of the passions and the affections, which grows up and is informed with living meaning by the natural, involuntary processes to which all language but that of art owes its being, it is wholly untrue. Such words live and breathe only in mutual combination and interdependence with other words. They change their force with every new relation into which they enter; and consequently their meanings are as various and as exhaustless as the permutations and combinations of the digits of the arithmetical notation. To teach, therefore, the meaning of a great proportion of the words which compose the vocabu-

lary of every living speech, by formal definition, is as impossible as to convey by description a notion of the shifting hues of the pigeon's neck."

Mr. Marsh begins at an earlier stage of the language than Dr. Craik, who makes the Norman Conquest his starting-point; but he confines his attention to a much smaller number of writers, noticing only those who mark epochs in the history of our literature. He defends the use of the epithet Anglo-Saxon as applied to the language of our forefathers. "To call by the same name a language like the Anglo-Saxon—whose vocabulary is mainly derived from the single Gothic stock, and whose syntax is regulated by inflection,—and a language like the English—more than half of whose words are borrowed from Romance or other remotely-related sources, and whose syntax depends upon auxiliaries, particles, and position,—would lead to a mischievous confusion of ideas, and an entire misconception of our true philological position and relations."

In treating of the history of the English language properly so called, Mr. Marsh divides it into three periods. The first, which he calls that of Early English, extends from 1250 to 1350; the second ends with the third quarter of the sixteenth century; and the third includes all subsequent phases down to the time of Milton. While he places the commencement of a distinct English language in the middle of the thirteenth century, he does not admit the existence of a national literature till a century later:—

"The mere existence of numerous manuscripts, in the popular dialect, belonging to any given period, does not prove the existence of a national literature at that epoch. A national literature commences only when the genius of the people expresses itself, through native authors, upon topics of permanent interest, in the grammatical and rhetorical forms best suited to the essential character of the vernacular, and of those who speak it. It is under such circumstances only that prose or poetry exerts a visible influence upon the speech, the tastes or the opinions of a nation, only by concurrent action and re-action that literature and associate life begin to stimulate and modify each other. In order that such effects may be produced in a mixed people, the races which enter into the composition of the nation, and the dialects of those races, must have, to a considerable extent, been harmonized and melted into one, and the people and the speech, though ethnologically and historically derived from different and unallied sources, must have become so far amalgamated as to excite a feeling of conscious individuality of nature and community of interest in the population, and of oneness of substance and structure in the tongue. In a composite nation, such a union of races and of tongues strange to each other, such a neutralization and, finally, assimilation of antagonist elements, can only be the effect of a gradual interfusion and a long commingling, or of some *vis ab extra* which forces the reciprocally repellent particles into that near contiguity when, as in the case of magnetic bodies, repulsion ceases and attraction begins. The English political and other occasional ballads and songs of the thirteenth, the beginning of the fourteenth and probably earlier centuries, do not constitute a literature, nor would they do so were they ten times more numerous, because neither the public to which they were addressed, nor the speech in which they were penned, yet possessed any oneness of spirit or of dialectal form, and because they were founded on events too circumscribed in their action, and on interests too temporary in their nature, to appeal to the sympathies of more than a single class or province or generation. These compositions were sometimes in Latin, sometimes in Norman-French, and sometimes in dialects of Saxon-English, which had lost all the power of poetic expression that characterized the ancient Anglian tongue, without having yet acquired anything of the graces of diction and adaptation to versified composition already developed in the neighbouring

Romance languages; and lastly, they were sometimes macaronic. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as the expression of anything which deserves to be called the national mind, though, indeed, we trace in them, here and there, the germs which were soon to be quickened to a strong and genial growth. The welding heat, which finally brought the constituents of English nationality into a consistent and coherent mass, was generated by the Continental wars of Edward the Third. The connexion between those constituents had been hitherto a political aggregation, not a social union; they had formed a group of provinces and of races, not an entire and organized commonwealth. Up to this period, the Latin as the official language of the clergy, the Norman-French as that of the court, the nobility, and the multitude of associates, retainers, dependents, and tradesmen whom the Norman Conquest had brought over to the island, and the native English as the speech of the people of Saxon descent, had co-existed without much clashing interference, and without any powerfully active influence upon each other; and those who habitually spoke them, though apparently not violently hostile races, were, nevertheless, in their associations and their interests, almost as distinct and unrelated as the languages themselves."

We have only room to observe, that the writers and extracts employed to illustrate the progressive changes in our language and literature are well adapted for the purpose, and rendered still more effectual by the author's intelligent comments upon them.

An Introduction to the Old Testament, Critical, Historical, and Theological, containing a Discussion of the most important Questions belonging to the several Books. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. Vol. II. (Williams & Norgate.)

In the present volume Dr. Davidson continues his labours from the Books of Kings to the conclusion of the poetical books, the last chapter being devoted to an extended discussion of the whole subject of Prophecy, by way of introduction to the specific account of the several prophetic books which will form the third volume. As before, he handles the various topics which present themselves with a freedom unfettered by any slavish dread of running counter to preconceived opinions or prevalent systems of belief, yet at the same time controlled by enlightened scholarship, and chastened by religious feeling. Remarkably clear-headed and strong-minded, he expresses himself with such perspicuity as renders it impossible to mistake or doubt his meaning, whatever difficulty may be felt in accepting his conclusions. Occasionally, as in the first volume, we meet with positive and pointed assertions unsupported by any attempt at proof, even where it is indispensable to the validity of the reasoning; and sometimes we have been sorry to observe a contemptuous asperity of tone, which, though natural enough, might well have been spared; but, generally speaking, the discussion is ably conducted, in a manner to which no objection can reasonably be made.

The plan of the work consists in giving a full account of each of the books of the Old Testament—its authorship, age, integrity, structure, contents and leading characteristics,—with a careful consideration of particular passages that are beset with difficulties, and have given rise to difference of opinion. There are some interesting observations on the Book of Job,—whose historical existence Dr. Davidson maintains,—from which we extract the following, in reference to the problem that the book was intended to solve:—

"The design of the writer was to demonstrate the insufficiency of the current doctrine of compen-

sation. Like previous psalm-writers, he wished to purify and deepen the popular faith. The old law was pervaded by the doctrine of strict retribution. It held forth the invariable connexion between virtue and prosperity, guilt and suffering. Blessings in this life were associated with its fulfilment; with its neglect or violation, calamities. Divine justice was seen *on earth*, punishing the wicked outwardly, and rewarding the good. As a man lives, so he fares in the world—that was the genius of Mosaicism. Experience, however, is often at variance with this doctrine. We see the godly suffering the blasts and blight of adversity, while the wicked flourish and prosper. The world presents examples both of high-minded men living upright lives and oppressed with misfortune, and of successful villains. Here the popular Hebrew faith was contradicted by appearances. The divine retribution held out was violated. The mind of the poet-philosopher, powerfully affected by the sufferings of the pious, could find no comfort in this doctrine. As he brooded over it, it seemed jejune and cheerless. He tried, therefore, to get beyond it into a region where all might not be dark, but some ray of hope perchance might dawn, and God appear other than unjust. He felt that the prevailing opinion respecting God's justice in the prosperity and adversity of his creatures was not well-founded. The wicked oft succeed; the good often suffer. The force of experience, internal and external, pressed upon his reason. There must, therefore, be a better way of judging about the distribution of good and evil than the old established one. There must be a deeper and more comprehensive view of the ways of Providence towards men. On the one hand, the justice of God must be maintained. Whatever takes place under His rule must be right. On the other, the lives of the suffering pious cannot be overlooked."

The Book of Psalms is also treated at considerable length, with great ability—many particulars of interest being brought forward, and no matters omitted upon which a student would naturally look for information or guidance in a work of this nature. As to the connexion between the poetical characteristics of certain psalms and the time when they were written, the author observes:—

"The age and language of particular psalms do not always bear the relation which might be expected. Purity and ease of diction characterize the later more than the earlier ones. As a general rule, the style and language of the older is stiffer and more difficult than that of the later. Their ideas and images, however, are stronger and more original. Some psalms composed after the captivity are equal in all respects to those of David. De Wette has proposed the rule, that a psalm should be considered older in proportion to the awkwardness of its phraseology, as well as the fullness, freedom and comprehension of its thoughts; and later in proportion to the ease, elegance and facility of its language in addition to the perspicuous arrangement of its matter. This may be accepted with some limitation. The poetical merit is often in an inverse proportion to the age. Those attributed to the sons of Korah occupy a high rank in sublimity and beauty; and many belonging to the time of the exile are not less elegant. It is true that those of later origin often bear marks of imitation, especially the plaintive in tone. David composed a number of this class, which formed models for succeeding poets. The oldest, being freshest and most original in matter, form and language, were copied by later authors; for the ideas and phrases are little varied. Perhaps the national calamities of the Jews suggested many of these. Similarity of situation will in part account for their likeness. The alphabetic and hallelujah psalms also present marks of imitation."

In the chapter on 'Prophecy,' Dr. Davidson necessarily enters upon a debatable ground, where we must decline following him; but we feel assured no Biblical student can read it without interest, or deny its ability, however much he may dislike the conclusions to which it leads. We are disposed to think his explanation of the word *προφήτης*, as "one that

speaks forth or utters (*proloqui*, not *praedicere*), the *πρό* being *local*, not *temporal*," less accurate than that of Liddell and Scott, "one who speaks for another, especially one who speaks for a God, and interprets his will to man,"—though doubtless the word originally had no connexion with the idea of foretelling.

We have only to add, that whoever wishes to become acquainted with the latest results of Biblical inquiry, both on the Continent and in this country, will do well to consult these volumes.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHY.

Leyden, Holland, Sept. 19, 1862.

AMONG the innumerable modes of submarine telegraphy which may be possible, some which afford very favourable chances for success have still to be tried. Thus I submit the following considerations to the examination of professional men. When instead of interruption of the current, the system of telegraphy is based on a variation of its intensity or electromotive power, many obstacles to submarine telegraphy are at once surmounted. Suppose that, for the metallic conductor through the sea, a very thin silver wire is used, which during the process of paying out from the ship is heated and passes through a mixture of melted resin, shellac and coal tar, whereon afterwards is strewn hay or hemp to make it lighter for some time during the sinking. Silver wire is preferable, as being a good conductor and for its insolubility in oxygenated sea-water. Whatever may be the loss of current by bad insulation, the electromotive power can always be made stronger. But the bad insulation has a good side too, as preventing the surfaces from being loaded as a Leyden-jar; and earth and atmospheric currents can be made harmless by establishing a forward and backward current through the wire. The great derivation requires a sign-receiving apparatus of great sensitiveness. That may be done by means of a mirror-galvanometer, or multiplier with telescope, as employed by Weber, Gauss, &c. Some letters could be placed on the measure or rod; and a strong magnetic needle, provided with an extinguisher slinging on the induction principle, when at very small distance can make the telegraph announce quickly. Another mode of telegraphy could be obtained by lowering two distinct metallic conductors, of different metals, iron and silver for instance, both being imperfectly insulated, and so sign-giving by using the submarine leading as an element with derived current or not, or sign-giving with augmented and diminished electromotive power.

L. C. LEVOIR, P.D., Assistant in Physics,
Leyden University.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Wed. British Association for the Advancement of Science.

FINE ARTS

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

FURNITURE.

It is worthy of note, that while the study of architecture and those cognate arts of design practised by the goldsmith and metal-sculptor is zealously carried on amongst ourselves by men of at least two schools of opinion, scarcely any attention is given to artistic beauty in the articles of domestic need which go by the name of furniture. The popular taste seems satisfied with unbeautiful and, too frequently, faultily-constructed results. Our tables show, often enough, in their flimsy inelegance or their clumsy weight, the want of consideration of mechanical laws. We sit upon chairs that, so they be strong enough for the purpose, comply with no other requirement of their office; or, if of the class styled ornamental, are but flimsy wonders of carpentry craft, designed without harmonious proportion of parts, grace of line or aptitude of decoration. The power of cunningly putting together certain pieces of wood is prized as if that were all men need to practise; and when, by mere adhesion of glue and mechanical jointing, these trifles hold together, they attain the dignity of chairs. Constructive art—a very extended

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application and ennoblement of mechanical joinery—pursued with quite other views than to display the power of glue and cunning fitting, seems almost ignored in modern practice. The results are ugly things, such as long use only can render endurable.

If we look at what the ancients produced, their superiority is astonishing. The Egyptians made seats, even such as we now use, that are models of good design; some of their low chairs, of which many specimens are in the British Museum, show nearly as good handicraft as the modern articles, and have really elegant forms combined on true principles of harmony of line, material and colour. The Greeks, if we may trust their sculptures and fictile paintings, to be seen on vases innumerable, were not less happy in this branch of Art-design. There is much beauty in the furniture of the Assyrians, as shown on the sculptures that have been rescued for us; a certain clumsiness may not inaptly be attributed to the rudeness of the carver's art: at any rate, the bronze ornaments which actually formed portions of their chairs and tables, and are now in existence, show a feeling for design singularly estimable, and characteristic of a people who loved gorgeous and elaborate decoration with an intensity peculiar to Oriental races. Roman representations tell the same tale; in disproof of which it would be difficult for any modern to produce a more elegant vehicle than the famous bronze *biga*, now in the Vatican. Nothing can be more beautiful than some of the articles of furniture that were in use amongst the conquerors of the world. On Chinese and Japanese works of this sort fine colour is often found, traceable to a very remote origin: the forms also, more rarely however, are agreeable and serviceable. In Medieval Art a noble speciality is found not surpassed by any other manifestation in this matter. This is evident not alone in the actual articles preserved, and presumably remarkable specimens prized for costliness or observable beauty, but in thousands of illuminated drawings which give, in evident good faith, the actual forms of every domestic article of furniture.

These last examples are, it is to be observed, productions of what are whimsically styled "the rude ages," and associated in popular estimation with the stiff, high-backed and hideous contrivances of a much more recent period. The student of illuminations knows well how excellent in design, and even truly comfortable—the last being the test of value on the point—these articles must have been. When Medieval Art in every one of its numerous varieties of application, all of which differed as the nations which practised them differed in character—thereby proving the vitalizing power of its source—underwent that change we call the Renaissance, which was more truly a change than a new birth, Art, so applied to our subject-matter, was found equal to the event, and did not cease to produce beautiful articles for domestic use. Indeed, some authorities assert that the true Early Renaissance furniture surpassed the strictly Medieval or pure Gothic works of the kind in elegance, if not in mere picturesqueness of character. In this opinion we must agree with the authorities.

It may not be said in reply, by defenders of the modern no-system of upholstery or furniture-making, that all these things owe their charm to that mere strangeness which makes unfamiliar things acceptable to us. The habits and customs of men do not alter so very much in the passage of centuries that the later-quoted examples might not be applicable to modern uses. The Greeks, Egyptians and Assyrians sat upon chairs much as we do. Although these peoples undoubtedly used couches more freely than ourselves, we have ample evidence that the Etruscans had nearly as marked a preference for chairs as ourselves. The Romans were great recliners: hence their tables and the arrangement of their rooms were diverse from our own. If all these instances be too remote for a modern application, let us look to Venice of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—a nation luxurious enough for any comparison. Of this we find in pictures and remains not only a beautiful, but a characteristic and "comfortable" system of furniture-making. If, on the reverse side of the objection, we turn to savage races for

what they have done and do in this matter, it is frequently found that the forms employed by them are at least original, and mostly, if the people selected be not sheer brutes, display high feeling for beauty in the forms of their moveables. The seats most ingeniously constructed of fibres of trees by the Malay peoples are quotable.

The active magnificence of the First Napoleon promoted a strong development of design in furniture that may still be seen by examples in old-fashioned houses even in England. This mainly originated from the ideas of David, the painter, and remained longest in vogue of all the fruits of the Roman fever of the French Revolutionists. Its character is heavy and rectangular; it is often loaded with brass ornaments, yet occasionally has a severe dignity that is admirable. Such a style as this was exactly what might have been expected from the French nation when throwing off more things than the regal dominion. It was the direct antithesis to the flimsy, tawdry, gewgaw-loving taste of the Court. Napoleonic furniture is the sole creditable recent application of Art in this direction. Our modern no-style owes nothing to it; and to the *rococo* inanity, that had oftentimes a strange method, not ungraceful, in its *cliquanterie*, it is indebted for no more than the folly of scooping, meaningless quirks, curves and angles, such as now-a-days display the profundity of the designer's indifference to anything like aptitude, beauty, or even strength, in his work. Putting aside mere luxury of stuffing and springs, as foreign to the question now in hand, we know but one article of current use which displays a wise feeling of fitness to function such as shall insure comfort as well as elegance: this one is not perfect in either quality, and might be improved; yet it has singular merits. The article is a humble one indeed, being nothing more than the common beech or birch wood Windsor chair. The kangaroo chair is not indigenous, or, at least, is a re-importation of recent date; it is a most valuable one. The Windsor chair, with its converging back rails, its single-piece, bow and well-adapted legs, honours its inventor, whoever he was.

We have thus far confined our remarks to chairs merely for convenience; the same principles of construction and elegance may be found developed in all the moveables of the peoples designated. The same common failures beset our modern practice, whether it be in easy-chairs, sofas, couches, vehicles of all kinds—some wheelbarrows are happy, especially that used by "navvies"—tables, an innumerable family, from the lordly dining-table to my lady's gimcrack of lath and plaster, not excluding the composite what-not, which last has grown heroic in the Trafalgar Square fountains; bookcases, chiffoniers, and all their tribe. If called upon to name the thing which has suffered most under modern innocence of purpose, and the frame-maker's craft be not held distinct from that of the upholsterer, we should point to the looking-glass frames of modern production as the basest of all known works. We have seen things of this order that are trials of human suffering.

It must be obvious to all thoughtful persons that profusion of carving, costliness of material, elaboration of inlays, or cunning intricacy of parts, still more mere lustre of varnish, are entirely to be banished from a critical consideration of furniture. Our upholsterers excel in these matters, and the International Exhibition has a considerable average of show-rooms charged with the results. The greater number of these articles are such as use has made endurable to people; but an examination of them will more than support our opinion that there is urgent need of something being done ere we can rank English homes on a par with those of the bygone nations who have done well in this matter. From the Madagascar iron chair, probably the earliest domestic Art-production of the natives of that island, up to the most "expensive" upholstery in the Courts, there are few indeed which fulfil the requirements of applied Art in a satisfactory manner. Here is perfection of mere joinery, carpentry probably as cunning as that of Hiram's artificers, veneers that are possibly unique, carving that is intricate, if not beautiful:

here let us except much of the fret-cutting now so much employed, and French polish of inestimable shininess. Nevertheless, in all these there is very little Art. A slight inspection of the general character of the carving will satisfy the sceptical observer that our words are sooth. We believe the fault of all this lies with the public itself, and very little indeed with the manufacturers, who can hardly be expected to produce unsaleable articles. The progress of Art-knowledge must change this aspect of the affair exceedingly, and introduce a like feeling to that which has welcomed so many cognate developments of Applied Art in metal, glass, stone and paper.

A few exceptions to the commonplace neglect of Art so applied may close our remarks. Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Faulkner are eminent for the artistic feeling their works now in the Medieval Court display. A *Couch* (No. 5783), by this firm, of turned wood and very simple character, is excellent, and evidences considerable ingenuity in applying straps to support the cushions, and admirable taste for colour in the covers of the whole. Behind this hang some hand-wrought tapestries, to the value of which, as a novel manufacture, we believe the public will soon bear testimony: here is instant employment for women in a new way, that *ought* to be acceptable to all tastes. The colour and patterns of these things are exceedingly beautiful. Two sideboards very exquisitely decorated with high-class pictures should not be overlooked: a less costly repetition of these designs would be desirable.—Mr. W. Burges exhibits several articles of not quite equal artistic merit to the above (5679), but admirable in many qualities.—A *Chimney-piece* (5709), exhibited by Mr. J. B. Philip, but stated as the design of Mr. Burges, illustrating some events in the life of St. Neot, shows better design than execution—the last being somewhat ordinary, despite its elaboration. Clever enough in spirit, but too elaborate and even far-fetched in humour, are the paintings which decorate the cabinet, by the last-named artist, that is placed near the chimney-piece. This depends for its success entirely upon the execution of the pictorial decorations, which, here at least, are not all that is intended, while the article itself must be too costly for common use. The carvings (5702), from designs by the same, executed in alabaster, are generally spirited, but likewise laboriously humorous.—A *Print-case* (5815), by Mr. T. Seddon, decorated with paintings, is exceedingly good; as are also some solidly-made, well-composed and handsome chairs with low arms.—In Mr. Skidmore's Furniture Court, a bedstead and some minor articles display not only good design in form, but satisfactory, though somewhat gloomy, colour. Near these are some sacramental vessels, by the last, which evince perfect knowledge of old models. It is to be regretted that Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Faulkner, who unquestionably are successful in applying Art-principles to furniture design, restrict themselves so devotedly to Gothic forms and character. The same skill more freely developed would be more valuable. Mr. T. Seddon is less wilfully trammelled, therefore his works may expect a wider acceptance. On this occasion we have excluded from the subject the immense number of articles which are strictly church-furniture, also paper-hangings, floor-cloths, vehicles, tools and boats, of which last much might be said, and confine our remarks wholly to items of domestic use, with special reference to such as are mainly of wood, however decorated by painting, polishing, inlaying and gilding. To sum up, let us say that the wilderness of furniture here seen is lamentably deficient in the Art-element, although splendid, costly and serviceable in the majority of instances. Those most successful are, with one exception, almost fanatically in the Gothic taste; so that, however excellent, they are not likely to be accepted. What is wanted is palpable enough,—that some architect, artist or ingenious person should design moveables of moderate cost, in elegant forms, suitable to modern uses.

CHURCH FITTINGS AND CARVINGS.

As might be expected, these are almost exclusively Gothic in character. The fittings for churches to be built in other styles must be little else than

elaborate works of upholstery in the ordinary fashions, and not worth showing; or else, what is most probably the fact, they are never made but to order, so that none exist to show. At any rate, we can find nothing of the kind at the International Exhibition. A significant matter it is that there should be church furniture, Gothic even to fanaticism in spirit, and none, even for domestic use, which can be styled "Palladian" and "Classic" in any of their developments. Amongst the church-fittings, the Romanesque spirit is most fully displayed. In the North-east Court of the South-east Transept is a *Reredos*, designed by Mr. Bodley, of most elaborate and beautiful character, inlaid with coloured marbles and polished studs of spar,—a fine example of the wise consideration given by our best architects to propriety of style in minor parts of their works. Most of the works now to be examined are comprised in Class 10, Sub-Class C of the Catalogue, being "shown," says that unsymmetrical document, "for architectural beauty." According to the ingenious perversity of the arrangements applied to articles of this order, they are not designated by the names of their designers and disposed accordingly, but by those of the executants: furthermore, some of the articles being of imposing character, they have been employed to decorate the nave and other parts of the building; consequently, it is difficult to give clear directions for finding the works we may point out, so dispersed are they. Fortunately, however, brief directions will suffice for conspicuous objects. A second *Reredos* (2437), in the neighbourhood of the last-named article, intended for the Church of SS. Peter and James at Oxford, and designed, like the edifice to contain it, by Mr. Street, is hardly so spirited and successful as that by Mr. Bodley: the carvings, by Mr. Earp, look over-conventionalized and somewhat tame. The inlays of many-coloured marbles are of excellent character in design. Under the same number will be found a *Pulpit* designed by the same for his Church at Bournemouth, with inlays of marble on Caen stone, which is remarkable for elegance of form and good colour in the decorations. This may be compared with a fatuously-designed *Pulpit* (2426), made to resemble an oak-tree, by Mr. Clay: even if finely carved, this would be an offence against good taste in Art; but, coarsely executed, it is a genuine absurdity. To the elaborately-carved pulpit and canopy from Liège that stands under the Western Dome, we have already alluded. So far as elaboration and repetition of parts can go, it is excellent; but the carving, needing the fine spirit which should characterize good Art, is not enough to obtain a high artistic place for the thing itself. The large *Font* (2430), by Mr. Forsyth, which is in the compartment of the Eastern Transept before named, displaying two angels upholding its bowl, has the idea thereof borrowed from Thorwaldsen's famous work of like design, which is decidedly preferable, inasmuch as the idea of one grand angel is bolder than that of two little angels.

The Porch of the Digby Mortuary Chapel in Sherborne Church, although the head and tympanum are not shown, is very rich and soberly fine in design: the stiff, modern look of the carving which decorates the jambs in lines between the shafts of coloured marble, as they recede towards the door, spoils much of the grace of this work. It is exactly such work as this that may be said to be sure to improve with age and wear: fragments of the like express, to the fancy, an excellence not possessed by the originals. The *Fountain* (2437), near the last article, by Mr. Nesfield, executed by Mr. Earp, of Romanesque design, inlaid with rich marbles and spars, decorated with objects of "incised" work,—i.e., the outlines drawn on the stone sunk and filled with a black composition,—is a noble work of Art, worthy of any palace-garden or conservatory. It has an upper, second bowl, surmounted itself by a charmingly-designed group of a mother with a child on her knee. The peacock, inlaid with many-coloured spars, that decorates the lower bowl, will be admired by all. The extreme simplicity, solidity and plainness of the outline the architect has chosen for this work are well suited to display the richness, brilliancy and variety of the colouring it exhibits. In the Nave, Mr. Earp has a bold and creditable

Drinking Fountain (2427), with carvings, coloured studs and decorations, that is not, however, equal to the last. Here is the new Peterborough "frontlet"—i.e., hanging cloth for the front of an altar, as we may explain for the benefit of those who, like a certain bishop, may be innocent of the nature of the article—the said bishop, when asked to lend one pertaining to his cathedral and famous as a specimen of old embroidery, having sent his own silk apron. This work (5699), wrought by Miss Blencowe, with rich colours upon a green ground, is a fine example of modern work. Another frontlet, designed by Mr. Bodley for St. Paul's Cathedral, is worthy of examination and praise for its sober splendour and excellent taste. Mr. Street's *Iron Font-Cover* (5714) is a good example of a new application of the metal in modern practice.

A few objects of architectural character, not properly to be classed with the above, may find a place here. Messrs. Jackson & Sons contribute a *Renaissance Fire-Place and Mantel in Carton-Pierre* (2434), which is worthy of praise; it consists of a bold oval for a mirror, surmounted by a rich entablature, that is itself sustained by a pair of Caryatides. This is placed in the Eastern Transept. Some *Frescoes* by Mr. T. G. Parry (5708) are noteworthy. Messrs. Pritchard & Seddon's *Encaustic Tiles and their Decorated Organ* (5710) should not be overlooked; these are in the North Court. We regret to observe a practice among exhibitors of articles which can hardly be styled artistic or mechanical, but are strictly examples of Applied Art, in not giving the names of the actual designers, but, instead thereof, their own as manufacturers. There is so much meanness in the practice, that it ought to be combated at all times and by everybody. It is, no doubt, one cause of the dullness and want of feeling for their work which operate so injuriously on the producers of modern Art-manufactures. Every person purchasing such articles should insist upon knowing the name of the designer. It is rarely that of the firm selling the same.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Noble is to execute the Manchester Memorial Statue to the Prince Consort, which Mr. Goadsby, Mayor of the city, presents to his fellow-citizens. This is to stand under a canopy, and be raised upon a pedestal of elaborate character in Italian *quattro-cento* style; the architectural accessories are designed by Mr. Worthington. The whole is to be 75 feet high, the statue itself 8 feet high, in Garter robes, with a scroll in its hand, according to the received modern idea of expressiveness. Mr. Worthington's part of the composition has more interest in somewhat resembling the Eleanor Crosses, works which may be considered the most perfect examples of Gothic Art, and accepted as its culminating triumphs in minor developments.

The restoration of the ancient and very interesting Church of Minster, Thanet, is to be completed; most of its comparatively modern and always ugly elements are to be removed, and those which characterized its integrity of old to be displayed, repaired and maintained.

The large picture by Guido, once in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, which represents Venus being attired by the Graces, has been sent to Edinburgh, by way of addition to the National Gallery of Scotland.

Considerable works of restoration and enlargement are going on in St. Aldate's Church, Oxford. Two new chancel-aisles are being built, north and south of the church; the west end of the south chancel-aisle is being lengthened and a new porch added, together with a new vestry. The old columns are to be taken out of the nave, and red Aberdeen granite shafts substituted.

The Norman Chapter-house of Worcester Cathedral, so long used as a library, one of the most remarkable buildings of its kind in existence, for its large diameter, the arcade of interlaced arches upon its inner walls, and its severity of style, is now undergoing restoration. Happily, there is little need of severe "restoration,"—cleaning and repairing are all that can well be done to the structure. The books, amongst which are many

valuable MSS., are removed to Edgar Tower. On taking down the cases, which completely lined the walls of the apartment, some remains of paintings were found.

The window for the east end of Glasgow Cathedral, for which estimates have figured before Parliament on more than one occasion, has been erected. It contains figures of the Evangelists, diapers, emblems, armorials, &c. The figures were designed by M. J. von Schrandolph, of Munich; the ornaments, by M. Ainmiller, of the same place. How does it happen, when we are establishing a national school of decorative Art,—have succeeded in producing many undeniably fine works,—and possess artists, not mere manufacturers, who give their attention to this very branch of Art, that the only Government commission for stained glass is given to foreign designers?

Four chancel-aisle windows, displaying remarkable beauty of colour and full appreciation of the true character of stained glass, have been placed by Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Co., of Red Lion Square, in the new church at Southgate, near Barnet, the work of Mr. G. G. Scott. The subjects are the Evangelists, with their respective emblems surmounting canopies, under which the saints are seated. The same firm has executed a fine rose window for the west end of the new church of St. Michael, at Brighton, designed by Mr. Bodley. The windows display angels ringing joy-bells round the Virgin and Child: the robes of the angels are yellow and green on a quarry ground of star-like pattern; that of the Virgin is a rich pattern of yellow on a ruby background. Beneath this, a couplet contains in its divisions respectively the figures of St. Michael and Raphael, the former being in armour, the latter in canonicals, alb, cope, &c. Their wings are upturned on a ruby ground of intense beauty; the figures life-size. This church will be remarkable for the merit and amount of the stained glass it will contain. In the south aisle will be placed the Baptism of Christ in a two-light window. The Flight into Egypt has been designed, very beautifully, by Mr. E. B. Jones, for a two-light chancel-aisle window: angels are seen clearing the way for the ass, by holding aside the branches of trees. Messrs. Clayton & Bell have fitted two windows of the nave clerestory and the east window of this church with stained glass.

A statue of Maria Theresa has been erected in the court of the Military Academy at Vienna.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, Covent Garden, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, Sole Lessee.—Arrangements for the week. During the week the following eminent Artists will appear:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Laura Baxter, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Sara Doherty, and Mdlle. Parepa; Messrs. Santley, George Perren, H. Cort, John Rouse, W. H. Weiss and W. Harrison. Conductors, Mr. Alfred Mellon.—On Monday, September 23, and Friday, October 3, Balfe's Grand Opera, *SATANELLA*. On Tuesday, September 30, Auber's Popular Opera, *FRA DIAVOLO*. On Wednesday, October 1, Meyerbeer's Romantic Opera, *DYNORAH*. On Thursday, October 2, Auber's Comic Opera, *THE CROWN DIAMONDS*, in which Miss Louisa Pyne will make her re-appearance after her severe indisposition. On Saturday, October 4, an Opera, in which Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison will appear. Commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.; Orchestra Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s.—The Box-Office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr. J. Parsons. No charge for Booking, or Fees to Box-keepers. No restriction to full Evening Dress.

MUSIC IN THE DUCHY OF BADEN.

German Music of the Future does not seem, as yet, to have possessed itself of the Rhine-Land; whereas that of the Past is everywhere. At Strasburg, a German company has been reviving the old, old "Danaueibechen" of Kauer;—at Carlsruhe, during the past weeks of Court festivity, the bills have announced such solid fare as Mozart's "Figaro" and Spontini's "Vestale,"—and, for merriment, Nicolai's Shakespeare opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The Carlsruhe performances are repeated at Baden-Baden. Here the stationary band of music, which is good in point of material, is worth noticing, being sufficiently catholic in its selections. I have heard, more than once, Herr Wagner's most intelligible pages, the Overture and March from "Tannhäuser," and the Procession Chorus from "Lohengrin," without any increase of edification or approach to con-

version. While no just person can deny them a certain nobility of intention, repetition makes the bombast and crudity employed to conceal commonplaces of phrase and want of scientific resource increasingly felt. The other evening, we were treated with a contrast to the opposite extreme, in Herr V. Lachner's Overture to 'The Four Ages of Man,'—an oratorio the name of which, I fancy, has not yet travelled to England. The iconoclastic party in Germany point to the correct mediocrity of productions such as this prelude (void of all devotional spirit, and indebted for such style as it possesses to Weber's 'Ruler of the Spirits' Overture), as the excuse for the repulsive and (they say) necessary eccentricity of Wagnerism: but this form of argument, howbeit common to hot partisanship all the world over, reduces praise to mere apology. In the same category as Herr Lachner's Overture may be classed Overtures by Kalliwoda, A. Weber, Kreutzer's to 'The Night in Granada,' and Lindpaintner's to 'The Vampire,'—which also have had their turn—well-made works all, without style or individuality. It was really a relief, after these adust pieces of respectability, to be treated to a composition of an English amateur in the Italian—or, to be precise, in the Bellini style,—Mr. C. Raper's Overture to 'Norma,' which for many years was played in London, before that opera, to audiences who never dreamed that they were listening to a piece of home-manufacture; so well is the tone of the Sicilian master caught, without servile imitation, but with an unaffected solidity in working out the ideas, of which Bellini has left no example in any of his operatic preludes!

The past riches and present decay of German invention were never brought before me so forcibly as the other evening, while I listened to another Baden band (this time a military one) playing the 'Preciosa' music. How small is this in bulk! merely a light overture, and a few incidental songs and dances thrown in to help out the Spanish story;—how rich in melody! rich enough to furnish half-a-dozen full operas of their own empty times! And yet, by the rapturists among Weber's countrymen, who accept Schumann as an inventor, and deify Wagner as sublime beyond the power of even absolute faith to comprehend, they must be sneered at as trivial,—so deliciously do they fulfil the poor, sensual purpose of pleasing and seizing the ear!

If Weber (as distinguished from Mozart, from whose music, as from Handel's, the Italian element was never wholly discharged) be rated as the first of German melodists, Schubert (considered under like conditions) was assuredly the second, as his best *Lieder* and his incomparable four-handed *Marches* remain to prove. But when did ever fresh and characteristic fancy produce such small result as is to be found in the mass (it is a heavy one) of his more ambitious works?—The other night, an interesting opportunity of comparing him with his predecessors and contemporaries was afforded during the performance of his comic operetta 'Der Häusliche Krieg,' given by the strenuous Carlsruhe company. It seemed once more to prove how a writer full of poetry, as he was, could not—owing to natural deficiency, perversity, or want of experience—adapt means to ends. Castelli's anecdote of a bovy of ladies (of the olden time) who turn sulky owing to the absence of their lords and lovers at the war, but must needs be reconciled to those same masters, on their return, after a brief period of quarrel, is here laid out for one act of music on the scale of a grand opera. The cast demands a double quartet of *solo* voices (four of first-class pretensions), besides a duet of comic singers and a double chorus! The management of the last ingredient is the best thing in the operetta; the choruses are well contrasted or combined—the melodies are easy and unborrowed—the sonority is good. There are three duets in the operetta, and, I think, at most, two ballads. In most of these the beginning promises well: the ideas do not recall either Mozart or Beethoven, or that heavily-light, ancient Dittersdorf (who stands for one of Germany's few comic opera-writers). Certain phrases recall, rather, 'The Erl-King,' the 'Barcarolle,' and other of their composer's most favourite songs, in a diluted form; while

their treatment too often becomes weak and insignificant, not always redeemed by animation at the close—a means of rescue often successfully employed by those deficient in constructive power. The orchestra is used discreetly, without much attempt at novelty. The performance was neat and strenuous (to repeat an epithet), especially on the part of band and chorus. What the Germans, for the sake of correctness, will accept as principal singers, even in their great capitals, need not be told. The corps at Carlsruhe is hardly up to the average mark of second-class towns.—After Schubert's operetta, Mendelssohn's 'Loreley' *finale* was tried, with the result which must always attend its presentation on the stage. Had its composer, as clear-sighted as he was modest in self-correction, lived to bring it to the test of rehearsal and putting into action, it is more than probable that it would not have retained its present form.

It was well worth while to confront the dullness and the drains of Carlsruhe (the latter outdoing in "odious savours sweet" those of Coleridge's Cologne), for the sake of a performance of Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' This may be fairly rated as the best comic opera of modern Germany: and as an example of music lively without frivolity, but without strongly-marked style—spontaneous without startling or fresh fancy,—music which may not hold fast the hearer, yet does not tire him,—it may be pointed to as something peculiar if not unique, an opera more sterling than any by Conradin Kreutzer, or Lortzing, or the charmer of the hour, M. von Flotow, which should keep its own stage, and be advantageously transferred to that of other countries. Nicolai does not appear to have been a born melodist (who does in Germany, since *Preciosa* Weber?), but has here shown no common amount of ingenuity and care combined. The overture is happy and effective. Some of the scenes are wrought up into real brightness. The concerted pieces are generally happier than the airs. There is mirth in the duet where the wives compare *Sir John's* letters, and sufficient opportunity for lively display in the part of the *prima donna*, Mrs. Ford (to keep the English names). The buck-basket *finale*, which closes the first act, is effective and well knit. The second act is opened by a drinking-song, for *Falstaff*, with chorus. This is an excrescence; indeed, Nicolai generally missed making the part of the amorous knight musically big, or unctuously merry enough: his duet, however, with Ford, is clever. Then comes an ingenious quartet, between *Anne Page*, *Fenton* (tenor, of course), and *Slender*, and *Dr. Caius*: the two latter parts being *aside*. The lover's serenade, which lures Mistress Anne out to listen, is pleasing: the effect, however, is somewhat disturbed by that which was meant to enhance it, the accompaniment of violin *obbligato*, which at last makes a brilliant cadence supported by the two voices. This is more eccentric than pleasing. An exceedingly pretty settable closes the second act. In the third, the legend of Herne the Hunter is given to Mrs. Page, a *contralto*; the Carlsruhe *contralto*, Madame Hauser, has an agreeable low voice, and the song pleases; in itself it is poor. Lastly comes the night scene in the forest. The prelude to this is nothing short of delicious: the long note *in alt*, sustained by the violins,—while a melodic phrase, dreamy but not confused, is wrought up with a mellow and soft *crescendo*,—pictures moonlight in a forest, with a nature, harmony and subduing beauty not often reached in music. The music of the false Elves bent on scaring and chastizing the huge pest of Windsor is good, well in accordance with the situation, and the scene is crossed, not ill, by the elopement in mistake of *Dr. Caius*, not with the "lubberly post-boy," but with *Slender* in elfin gear (a change permissible in opera, where simplicity and clearness are so essential). Less happy is the episode of the happy lovers, which interrupts the scene bootlessly. The close is a gay little quartet with chorus. Throughout the opera the instrumentation is fresh, clever and effective,—very much what the instrumentation of an opera should be. Why should we not hear this work in England—on our own or on the Italian stage!—even though, now that Lablache is no more, it is idle to expect that we shall ever see or hear a *Falstaff*. If

I mistake not, the work has been translated into our language by a skilled and popular dramatist.

The singers at Carlsruhe are inferior (the *contralto* excepted), but they are spirited and firm. Higher praise than this is the due of the orchestra, which plays with true German point and relish. Nothing better could be desired than the stage appointments. The forest scene is the most probable piece of stage moonlight that I recollect. They have, since Nicolai's opera, given Herr F. Lachner's 'Catarina Cornaro,' and are about to study Herr Albert's 'King Enzo,' which opera seems to find real favour in the eyes of good musicians here,—who are as unanimous in confirming the impossibility of producing 'Tristan und Isolde.' The men of the present, it is to be feared, may be too sleepy, too apt to bask in the flatteries of small circles and small successes; but for "the Music of the Future," I cannot but hopefully believe that the chances of a future in Germany are fast and steadily fading out. C.

STANDARD.—On Saturday, a new piece by Mr. C. H. Hazlewood was produced. The care with which it has been placed on the boards, and the excellent scenery with which it is illustrated by Mr. Gowrie, entitle it to serious notice. The subject is old, being Sir Walter Scott's story of 'The Heart of Mid Lothian,' which has already been witnessed on the stage in more than one shape. In progress of time, however, improvements are suggested in the management of old themes by which their stage-eligibility may be increased. Mr. Hazlewood has laboured hard to make the argument which he has selected as efficient as possible, and with more than ordinary success. The title of this new adaptation of an old subject is 'Jeanie Deans; or, the Sisters of St. Leonards,' and all the energy of the adapter has been thrown into the character of his heroine. The drama opens with the determination of *Margery Murdochson* to have revenge for *Geordie Robinson's* desertion of her daughter *Madge Wildfire*, which is followed by an interview between *Geordie* and *Effie*, in which their mutual relations are explained. *Margery* abandons the new-born child to her gipsy crew, and informs the police of *Effie's* recent confinement; and the act concludes with her arrest, and her father's sorrow. The remaining acts are devoted to the trial of *Effie* Deans, and *Jeanie's* journey to London, and her return to Scotland, with the perils that impede her progress homeward, after having secured the royal pardon for her sister. These perils are accumulated by the skill of the dramatist, who makes *Margery Murdochson* and her gipsy gang to stop her at every turn. A "sensation" scene is also contrived, by which *Jeanie* is detained among the gipsy tents, in a mountain pass, and only delivered from their machination by the unexpected interference of *Geordie*. Even in the fourth act she runs a further risk, from which she is delivered by the *Laird of Dumbiedikes*; and when she gains the Tolbooth, such is her exhausted state that she is unable to produce the pardon. Again *Geordie's* aid is appealed to, who rushing on the scene takes the pardon from her bosom, and only reaches the scaffold with it in time to prevent the execution of *Effie*. By such dramatic artifices the audience is greatly excited. The characters are adequately supported; Miss Marriott and Miss Mandlebert representing the two sisters with effect, and the *Laird of Dumbiedikes* being realized to the life by Mr. Gourlay, the Scotch comedian, who has been engaged expressly for the part. The appearance of this gentleman in London, in such a character, is a matter of importance to judicious playgoers.

GRECIAN.—We have another version of 'The Hanged Man,' under its proper title, presented at this theatre. In many important respects it is a great improvement on 'Capilda,' as produced at the Surrey. It is compressed into three acts, and the part of *Christol*, who has been hung for bigamy, and revives under the surgeon's knife, is impersonated, with much comic unction, by Mr. George Conquest, who throws the whole force of his style into the assumption.

MISCELLANEA

Reading Abbey.—An inquirer at Reading writes:—"Historians tell us that King Henry the First was buried at Reading, in the Abbey founded by himself. Can you tell me whether his body has ever been officially removed? If not, is anything to be seen now of his tomb? I have lately examined the ruins, and found a tomb, also a ruin, containing a stone sarcophagus; which is far too short for most men. The body-stone has been removed and broken, and certainly if any body had been there it is not there now. There are also traces of what may have been another tomb. Now, if King Henry and the two Matildas, Queen and Empress, were buried in that Abbey, as is asserted, and if they have never been officially removed, it is discreditable to the nation, as well as to the town, to leave the tombs in such a condition. Will any say that they were so much worse than some buried in Westminster Abbey that we ought to be glad to forget them? If you can give me any information on this subject, I shall be glad. The Reading people seem to care a good deal for the present, however little sentiment they may have about the past. The ruins of the Abbey, except in the one particular of the tombs, are neatly kept and laid out for flower-shows. G."

—The only information we can give is this:—At the period of the suppression of religious houses, the bones of the royal founder of Reading Abbey were "thrown out," says Sandford, "to make room for a stable of horses." In 1815, a large stone coffin was discovered near the spot, which has been conjectured to be that which once held Henry's remains. This coffin measured seven feet, so that it could not be the one seen by our Correspondent.

The Charities of London.—Whilst thanking you for the attention bestowed upon my work, 'The Charities of London,' in your interesting article in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last, I hope you will allow me the opportunity of pointing out an error into which the reviewer has fallen, and which may create in the minds of your readers an impression that the work in some way falls short of its proper object. The statement that the volume "omits, of course, our enormous parochial rates and our Government grants for education,"—and, again, "conveys an inadequate idea of the expenditure upon benevolent objects in London," is incorrect; as you will at once perceive upon reference to the Index at the end of the volume, under 'Poor Law' and 'Education,' or to chapters III. and X., in which ample information and carefully-compiled statistics are given. Again, reference to the chapter on 'Police Court Funds,' and to 'National Subscriptions,' will show you that these subjects are treated upon at some length; and Mr. Peabody's donation and the Colliery Accident Subscriptions are specially mentioned in the Preface. I merely mention the latter as the reviewer assumes that "no mention is made of them, as subsequent to publication." SAMPSON LOW, JUN.

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